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IMPRESSIONS OF A CANADIAN.

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SIGHTS

AND

SENSATIONS

IN EUROPE.

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BY

JOHN CAMERON,

EDITOR OF THE LONDON (CANADA) "DAILY ADVERTISER."

1873.

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THE HISTORY OF A CENTURY

STORY

NOVELS

OF THE

JOHN CAMERON

THE HISTORY OF A CENTURY

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## PREFACE.

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During the summer of the present year the writer paid a four-months' visit to Great Britain and the Continent, in that time mailing homeward weekly a letter for publication in the journal with which he is connected. It is at the request of numerous readers of the letters, who desired to obtain them in a form suitable for preservation, that they are now published. As stated in the opening chapter, "nothing more is promised than unstudied pictures—passing notes—of men and things and places "as they strike a Canadian on a first visit to the Old World." It has been found impossible to obtain a suitable frontispiece without delaying the publication longer than was considered desirable. If the letters which form this publication have the effect of in any measure stimulating interest in the Old World, of correcting any prevalent fallacy, or of recalling to the minds of those who journeyed together the incidents of a sunny experience, the writer will be more than satisfied.

Dec. 30, 1873.

J. C

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# ON THE ATLANTIC.

## CHAPTER I.

SIGHTS BY THE WAY—HENRY WARD BEECHER—A BAD START—"OVER  
THE SEA"—ITS DELIGHTS AND DISCOMFORTS—A BURIAL IN  
MID-OCEAN—QUEENSTOWN.

AT SEA, STEAMSHIP CALABRIA, NEARING QUEENSTOWN, }  
Tuesday, April 29, 1873. }

IT may be prudent for your correspondent to state at the outset the scope and limitations of the letters which, leisure and opportunity permitting, it is purposed from time to time to mail homeward. They will not, he trusts, be mere guide-book *resumes*; nor will they attempt, like the catalogue of an auction sale, to include everything in every place worth mentioning. These letters will not be eloquent or elaborate. They will take no ambitious style, but rather the familiar and conversational tone appropriate in letters to a friend. Nothing more is promised than unstudied pictures—passing notes—of men and things and places as they strike a Canadian on a first visit to the Old World. Having thus retained the right of being bright, commonplace, even stupid, as circumstances decide, your correspondent brings his short introductory to a close.

Arriving in New York on Friday, I decided to cross over to Brooklyn in the evening to hear Henry Ward Beecher in his "Lecture-Room Talk." The meeting opened punctually at 8:00 o'clock. Plain, square auditorium; comfortable red cushioned movable benches; platform, with plain reading

desk and chair ; a piano in the centre of the room. Punctually to the minute, Mr. Beecher gave out the opening hymn, simply saying "607." The tune was played over on the piano, when all joined heartily in the exercise, the audience remaining seated. The audience wore a genial and cultivated aspect, and a cozy home-like feeling pervaded the place. Mr. Beecher's is a round, full-faced, almost boyish countenance, though crowned with long silvery locks. His voice is rich and sonorous ; his pronunciation and tone of voice when unimpassioned being much like those of Mr. Mills, the Member for Bothwell. His thoughts are enunciated in clear-cut syllables ; he is an almost perfect natural elocutionist. Mr. Beecher spoke sitting, adopting an easy, conversational tone, though, as he warmed with his subject, he found it impossible to keep his hands still. The topic of the evening was the law of spiritual growth, treated in a series of striking yet simple illustrations from the world of nature. Now and then a remark dashes out that brings an "audible smile" from the audience, followed very likely by a few simple and serious words that go through and through the hearer. An interesting feature of these meetings is impromptu questions and answers. Mr. Beecher's replies on this occasion were exceedingly racy and happy. Having always entertained a high opinion of this singularly-gifted man, I came away impressed with the feeling that his versatile genius has not been over-rated.

On the 19th of April I sailed from New York in the Cunard steamship Calabria. The usual parting scenes were witnessable ; the usual embraces, kisses, waving of damp handkerchiefs ; the usual bustle of late arrivals. When about twenty-five miles off New York, the first day, it was discovered that something was defective in a portion of the machinery, and it became necessary to lie-to while one of the engineers returned



to New York in a tug for a duplicate of the defective piece. This is thoroughly Cunard-like : better safe than sorry. We lost some thirty hours by this incident. The Calabria is one of the staunchest boats of the line, though not one of the largest. Tonnage about 2,000 tons. Machinery, Clyde-built, and for that matter the boat also. To navigate this vessel requires the services of the Captain and four mates ; the purser ; six engineers, besides the chief engineer ; the surgeon ; stewards ; minor officers and crew—a total, all told, of 129 persons. Captain McMicken is square-built, solid-looking, sun-and-weather-bronzed. I have always had an admiration for sea captains and officers. In nine cases out of ten they are heroes in the hour of danger. Even poor Williams, of the Atlantic, proved himself every inch a man after the fatal shock. These sea captains and officers have a great responsibility resting constantly on their heads ; they are brought into contact with the wonders of the sublime ocean, the terrors of the deep ; they come to look danger calmly in the face. There is something grand in men in whom you can feel confidence. This is the feeling with which Captain McMicken and men of his stamp inspire those with whom they come in contact.

It is now time to look about and see who we have on board. Here are a couple of American emigration agents going to glean in the inviting fields of the Old World ; a half-pay British officer—Fitz Hugh Maurice Somebody—who wishes the British House of Commons would be kind enough to leave the Army alone, and who anathematizes the abolition of purchase ; a number of merchants *en route* to European markets ; several gentlemen connected with the Treasury Department taking charge of iron safes filled with a new issue of American bonds now being placed on the English market ; a Quaker elder, from near Philadelphia ; an Irish doctor ; a young Yankee farmer,

in homespun, going to England for improved stock ; a lawyer who looks like a portly Englishman, but is from New York ; a gentleman from British Columbia, who anticipates a great deal for our Pacific colony from Confederation ; a young Cuban from Havana, polite and unassuming, but unsuccessful at English ; last, not least, we have in our party a bride, with her husband, taking a wedding tour to Europe. The bride, I regret to say, has been sea-sick almost from the day of starting. I need hardly state that the great Smith family is represented. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Smith and her four boys, from the United States. The four junior Smiths are being piloted to Heidelberg, Germany, to be educated. All told, the cabin passengers muster eighty-nine strong. About the same number of steerage passengers. Many of the passengers are *en route*, by divergent paths, for that Mecca-shrine towards which faces from all nations are this year bent—Vienna. For the most part the passengers are socially disposed. A sea-trip converts into members of a family all those who are not hopelessly “stuck up” and sullen. Everybody soon knows the business, nationality, place of residence, and destination of every body else.

There is no lack of amusement on ship board. Those who have their “sea-legs” employ themselves variously—promenading the deck ; chatting ; listening to the songs of the sailors ; reading ; posting themselves in nautical knowledge, until some, after a few days out, imagine they could teach Old Judkins ; some busy themselves doing the amiable to the ladies. A good deal of betting on the number of miles the ship will run in the next twenty-four hours is indulged in. There are mock trials and impromptu stock-exchanges. One of the most popular resorts in the ship, especially for gentlemen, is the sheltered side of the huge red funnel. It is very boisterous weather that does not witness a group of smoke-stackers on deck, discussing



the weather, exchanging chaff, or indulging in boisterous cachinations at the expense of some unfortunate who loses his hat or receives a wetting from the dashing spray. In the evenings—according to the vivacity, enterprise, or ability of those who happen to form the passenger-list of the trip—come concerts, literary entertainments, and now and then a dancing party. On Friday evening a musical and literary *conversazione* was given in the saloon in aid of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution—a noble institution, maintained almost entirely by public contributions, and in aid of which a special collection in one form or another is taken up on every trip of every vessel of every line running to and from Liverpool. The Captain presided, and also contributed a reading. A lady from Jersey City, understood to be preparing for the stage, gave Poe's "Raven" in brilliant style. An accomplished lady vocalist from Brooklyn took the leading part in the appropriate duett, "What are the wild waves saying," in a manner rarely surpassed. Mr. Chas. Bellows, jr., of New York, gave a reading from Longfellow, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in acceptable style. One of the gems of the evening was the recitation of a rollicking yet dramatic and pathetic ballad, in rich Irish brogue, "Phaudhrigue Crohoor," by Mr. King, the second officer of the Calabria. The entertainment was wound up by a sort of polyglot national hymn, consisting of two verses of "My Country, 'tis of thee," to the air "America," and closing with the first verse of "God Save the Queen." I was much amused with the amazement this arrangement caused the worthy Englishman from British Columbia. After the entertainment he came to me, and remarked that he had never heard that version of the British national air before. I replied that our American cousins, having got San Juan and the Canadian fisheries, had now taken the air of "God Save the Queen," re-christened it by the name of "America," and applied it to the praise of the bird of

freedom. My puzzled friend, only half satisfied, remarked that it was extraordinary—very extraordinary.

We have had a funeral at sea. One of the stewards, a young man who had been ailing with consumption, died a few days ago. The funeral was very simple; the service was read, the engines were slowed, and the weighted coffin descended into the cool waters, to restore its contents on that day when the sea shall give up its dead.

On Sundays divine service is held in the saloon. The service of the Episcopal Church appointed to be read at sea is conducted at 10:30 a. m., by the Captain. Though not a member of the communion named, I have always had an admiration for many portions of its beautiful and impressive service; this feeling is not diminished at sea.

Any letter descriptive of life at sea would be incomplete which failed to refer to the subject of sea-sickness. The sea-sick man who in the first place was afraid he would die, and in the next was only afraid he wouldn't, is, I suspect, a fair specimen of those afflicted by the indescribable malady. I can understand the feelings of the disgusted individual who declared if he could only live long enough to thrash the scoundrel who wrote all that rubbish about the joys of "A life on the ocean wave," he would die happy. It is amusing to hear the various theories respecting, and cures for, sea-sickness. One pins his faith on occasionally taking "a little opening medicine." Another asserts that the best thing to do when you feel unsteady is to lie on your back in your berth. The next strongly espouses the deck theory. From my own experience, supported by that of many others, I am inclined to believe that in nine cases out of ten the only radical cure is to be found in keeping "a stiff upper lip," eating a little whenever possible,

and especially keeping in the fresh air on deck and getting accustomed to the motion of the vessel. Sea-sickness rarely lasts more than a day or two; and at the worst, it is some consolation to be blandly assured that it is healthy! All sea-goers should be warmly clad, so as to be able to take advantage of the deck. A heavy overcoat is rarely superfluous on the ocean even in mid-summer, and ladies find abundant use for all their shawls, rugs and wraps. Any old suit will do for sea. It is no place for wardrobe display. The starch is soon taken out of all conceit of that sort, and sea-goers soon become careless of appearances so long as they are comfortable.

One of the strange features of life at sea is the absence of newspapers and news. Another Credit Mobilier rinderpest may have broken out; gold may be up or down; disasters on sea or land may have occurred; births, deaths and marriages innumerable may have been published: but we know nothing of it all. It is true that we sail over Atlantic cables, but we have no means of filching the silent messages of joy and of sorrow that even now are pulsating along the mystic wire which connects continents severed by thousands of miles of bounding billows. Yet it is this very cessation from all the ordinary interests and excitements of life on shore that makes a sea-trip so restful to the mind. Let the overtasked brain-worker go to sea! Here are sunrises, sunsets, moonlights, storm waves, passing vessels, log and lead heaving. I made up my mind to see whales, icebergs, and porpoise shoals; but I saw none of these, and had to content myself with the hoarse cries and graceful soarings of the sea-gulls.

Those who are able to eat are at no difficulty in gratifying the palate. You can have five meals per day if you choose; though four seems to be the average, while some confine themselves to three. Breakfast, 8:30 a. m.; lunch, noon; dinner,

4:00 p. m.; tea, 7:30 p. m.; supper, between 9:00 and 10:00 p. m., as ordered. Of course the dinner is the gastronomic event of the day, the full discussion of the various courses of the *table d'hôte* occupying about an hour and a-half. This is generally a lively occasion, there being ample opportunity between the courses for badinage and repartee. The bill of fare is constantly varied, and includes almost everything usually found at a first-class hotel. I take at random the bill of fare for Saturday, April 26, as a specimen :

### Bill of Fare.

---

#### SOUPS.

Green Turtle and Vermicelli.

#### FISH.

Salmon.

#### BOILED.

Ham. Fowls.

#### ROAST.

Beef.

Mutton and Onion Sauce.

Goose and Apple Sauce.

Fowls.

#### ENTREES.

Tripe.

Lamb's Head and Mince.

Pork Pies.

Currie de Homard and Rice.

#### VEGETABLES—ASSORTED.

#### PUDDINGS AND PASTRY.

Tapioca Pudding.

Charlotte Russe.

Plum Pies.

Cranberry Pies.

Washington Pie.

Lemon and Cheese Cakes.

#### DESSERT.

Bananas.

Filberts.

Almonds and Raisins.

Preserved Pears.

Figs.

#### COFFEE AND TEA.

The weather throughout the passage has been, on the whole, remarkably fine. Only one day was sufficiently rough to send

the heavy sprays and occasional waves over the deck. Yesterday, and especially last night, the sea was calm as a mill-pond. The sun went down with a blood-red glory never seen on land, followed by a clear sky studded with gleaming stars. This is the very poetry of sailing.

Every phase of the ocean is worthy of study, whether

Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving.

We are nearing Queenstown. This letter must come to a close. I shall land here, and make my way, *via* Ireland and Scotland, to London. My next will be devoted to impressions of Ireland.

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## CHAPTER II.

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ERIN'S GREEN ISLE—CORK—THE BELLS OF SHANDON—BLARNEY CASTLE—  
 IRISH WIT—THE KILLARNEY LAKES—HOME RULE—DUBLIN—  
 BELFAST—THE BOYNE—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

---

BELFAST, Ireland, May 7th, 1873.

WELL, I have "done" Ireland: slept in Queenstown; cultivated the acquaintance of "Paddy from Cork" in his native city; visited the Blarney stone; saw the Lakes of Killarney; ate in Limerick, and inhaled the breath of the Shannon; went to church in Dublin; stood on the site of the Battle of the Boyne; wondered at the wonders of the Giant's Causeway; and talked linen in Belfast. I have now to sum up my impressions before crossing over to Glasgow.

We were put ashore about 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday;

next morning proceeded by a small steamer to Cork, per River Lee. Queenstown, beautifully built on terraces, is rapidly increasing in importance. The scenery down the river is bold and Hudson-like. The first impression in Ireland is of the emerald green of the verdure. This is truly the "Green Isle." It is amusement to a visitor to listen to the splendid brogue of this Cork region. I have been studying this matter a little, in other words, keeping my ears open. The different sections have a turn of expression all their own. Cork and Belfast are as far apart in brogue as they are in religion. That of Belfast approaches more nearly to the Scottish accent. The best pronunciation, on the whole, is heard in Dublin, where it is an emphasis rather than a brogue. It is evidently a mistake to suppose, as some do, that brogue can be entirely eliminated by education. Nor do I think it is important that it should. A dialectic peculiarity, provided it be a pleasant one, is no disadvantage to the orator. The Irish accent soon becomes quite agreeable, being soft and persuasive; and I am not sure I have not acquired a touch of the accent in my week's run through the Island.

Cork is an important butter headquarters. It is a treat to get this sweet, fine-flavored butter after going through a winter in Canada in company with that extraordinary combination known as tub-butter. Cork is a city of 80,000 inhabitants. Dullness reigns. Like every other important Irish city, save one, its population is less to-day than ten years ago. Groups of men stand idly about the docks. Women and girls, shoeless and ragged, can be seen in any direction. Dirty children sit in the sun. Beggars abound. Vice open and shameless on the streets after nightfall. And yet, even through all this squalor and wretchedness, the vivacity of the national character exhibits itself. I see little sullenness, but rather careless-

ness, indolence, happy-go-luckyness. Of course there is wealth and refinement in Cork ; but the stranger's impressions are apt to be mine. One of the lions of Cork is the chime of bells in the ancient Shandon Church—those

Bells of Shandon,  
Which sound so grand on  
The River Lee.

Here I met Mr. C. J. Shiel, Ontario Immigration agent for the South of Ireland, who is working assiduously. With regard to immigration, the fact is that the United States has altogether the start and advantage. I have met young men and others in all parts of Ireland, south and north, who are saving money to go to "America." By that term is meant the United States. Ship-loads are now leaving weekly. Canada is little known. Our plan of operations, though comparatively liberal, is as yet totally inadequate. Every immigrant who goes to the United States becomes a voluntary immigration agent—sending back to friends papers, letters, information, and frequently pre-paid passage certificates. Ireland is becoming comparatively depopulated by emigration. The total population of the island is something over five millions ; it is estimated that there are eight millions of Irish in the United States.

The drive to Blarney Castle is not one likely to be forgotten. It is a shilling well spent to mount the box with the driver. You see the scenery better, and have the advantage of the whip's witty brogue. Like all the roads, bridges and culverts in Ireland, this road is smooth and hard. We dash along through undulating scenery, now hill, now dale; the view taking in green meadows—mountains in the distance—grazing cattle, with an occasional ivy-covered wall or an old castle. Holly, oak, ash, chestnut, and various shade-trees line the roadway ; with yellow furze, and roadside daisies and violets in



full bloom. A Canadian at once notices the absence of the familiarly ugly zig-zag fences of America. Even the best board fences of Canada suffer in comparison with these picturesque thorn hedges, stone walls, and ditches. At a little village on our way we passed a funeral procession waiting the bringing out the corpse. The company, all in humble life, didn't look at all serious ; they were laughing and chatting, and smacking their lips with satisfaction in connection with certain black bottles. They appear to believe that a funeral is apt to become monotonous unless relieved a little in some way. Thatched cottages peep out on either hand. Here is a cabin illustrating the doctrine of equality : women, children, pigs and geese occupying the premises on equal terms. We are now at the Blarney grounds—very lovely : a mixture of Central Park and Greenwood, with something added. The view from Blarney Castle is delightful, including a wide extent of varied country. I did not kiss the Blarney Stone, but I touched it. The fact is, the operation is risky, even though "he who kisses never misses to grow eloquent." However, one of our party, from a Western State, was duly held out by the legs to kiss the stone, which we agreed would do for all. In this, as in all show neighborhoods in Ireland, are swarms of beggars, guides, vendors of bog oak jewellery, black thorn shillalehs, photographs, and such wares. Look out for those persuasive Irish boys and girls, or you'll lose your money even if you keep your heart. They are very shrewd in conveying a hint. Take an example. Coming down from the summit of Blarney Castle, a young American remarked that a little "mountain dew" wouldn't go bad after that climb. "Faith, sur," said a humped-back little fellow who had been volunteering his services persistently, "Faith sur, that's the Blarney Shtone I'd like to be afther kissing." Ireland is beyond question a witty country. No doubt in the "show regions," many of the jokes are repeated to successive

groups of travellers, and are by no means as impromptu as some imagine ; but the Irish at home, high and low, rich and very poor, have a quickness of retort and a neatness of turn that no observer can fail to notice. We leave Blarney grounds and Castle with regret. Sure,

'Tis there the daisy,  
And the sweet carnation,  
And the blooming pink  
And rose so fair,  
The daffadowndilly,  
Likewise the lily,  
All flowers that scent  
The sweet fragrant air.

Cork for Killarney ! The railway system of Great Britain differs materially from that of the United States and Canada. The locomotives, using coal exclusively, have smaller tenders and smoke-stacks. Each train consists of first, second and third-class cars. The cars are not more than two-thirds as long as ours. The first and second-class are much alike, except that the former are better upholstered, and are designed to accommodate fewer persons. The third-class have no cushions and are more open. The first and second-class are cut up into apartments capable of accommodating say four and four facing—doors at the side. The conductors, or guards, as they are called, cannot go through while the train is in motion. They do not collect tickets as in Canada, and I should say have fewer "casual advantages." At the last station before your destination your ticket is collected, not by the conductor, but by the station agent. The roadway of these Irish railways is uniformly excellent ; the trains run smoother than in America ; the speed is not so great ; accidents are rare. The well-to-do commercial or middle classes, ministers and the like, travel chiefly in the second-class ; the poorer classes generally take

the third, though very "respectable" people also patronize it. Only Americans and fools, says somebody, travel first-class. This is hardly accurate, because all Americans do not travel first-class, and there are many persons in positions which demand "style," who would otherwise just as lief save their money and go second-class. I expected to be more disappointed with travelling arrangements here than I am. It is true that rates on the average are dearer than in America; it is true the cars are not so well fitted up here, nor are there conveniences such as drinking water or closets; but there is a more uniform courtesy and readiness to give prompt and accurate information on the part of the officials of all grades than I have seen in any part of free and independent America. Then this compartment bug-bear. I rather like its privacy. You can talk to your neighbor without the disagreeable feeling that somebody right behind you is listening to every word you say. Of course, our Parent has much to learn from us. There is here no system of checking baggage, and persons foolish enough to travel with anything heavier than a hand-valise have to keep an eye on their baggage constantly. One thing is convenient. If you desire to leave your satchel a few hours at a station, you give it in charge to the baggage-agent, who, for a penny, will give a printed check bearing the number of your piece. The social differences of Great Britain show themselves in the two refreshment rooms at the station—one marked first and second-class, and the other third-class.

The railway drive to Killarney is interesting. Yonder are splendid trees entwined with ivy; here are mud walls; fruit trees in blossom; in that bog to the right men are digging peat. Dotting the country are those picturesque round towers for which Ireland is celebrated. No one knows when they were erected or for what purpose. Some antiquarians assert that

they were used in the pagan rites of fire worship ; others that they were used as bell towers ; while it is maintained by others that they were rallying points in time of danger.

One of the best hotels in Ireland, fully equal to the one at the head of this letter, is the Royal Victoria, on the edge of the chief lake of Killarney. From thence a party of eight took carriage to the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe; ponies through the Gap; boats, rowed by four men, down the lakes; carriages home. In the mountain gap is the place for vendors of arbutus-cases, beggars, blind fiddlers, echo-blowers, *et id genus omne*. These show-places must be demoralizing to the people of the vicinity. People come to lose all self-respect who depend for a living on anything else than their own honest exertions. Why don't these bare-and-dirty-legged girls and children at least wash now and then? I give the conundrum up. Children rush after our carriage, shouting "Money to buy a book, sur," until you begin to think there must be an extraordinary thirst for literature among the rising generation of the region. When you hear this appeal, however, for the hundredth time, to the distraction of your mind from the scenery about you, you grow bloodthirsty. This Gap of Dunloe was one of the most notable Fenian regions in the troubles of a few years ago. The people hereabouts talk freely in favor of Home Rule ; and, when talking to Americans, as they suppose, the conversation is much more highly spiced. *Verb. sap.* I have chatted in the cars and elsewhere with Catholic Priests, Protestant Ministers, and laymen of various classes. I think I will be correct in saying that while a few Protestants favor, and a few Catholics oppose, Home Rule, the bulk of the Catholics favor it, and the bulk of the Protestants oppose it. As one gentleman put it, he considered Home Rule would be another name for Rome Rule ; another considered it meant the dis-

memberment of the Empire. For my own part, I do not see any great objection to allowing Ireland to manage its local affairs by a local legislature. England certainly has shown singular incapacity for understanding the local interests or feelings either of Canada or of Ireland. This is admitted even by the most determined opponents of Home Rule. But the great difficulty is the strong religious party feeling in both classes in Ireland. You cannot take up a paper without reading of somebody being tried and fined for using party expressions, perhaps Orange, perhaps Catholic, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. This is especially the case in Belfast. I find that many persons who use the cry of Home Rule, have little idea of what it means. The more ignorant classes seem to use it in the sense of total separation from Great Britain. It is a splendid text for an agitator. It sounds like seeking constitutional reform by constitutional means ; while to the intense nationalist it may mean, and yet sound less unequivocal than, Fenianism. At Dublin, I walked out with a party of Americans who came over in the same steamship. At a street corner were a group of boot-blacks. One sharp-eyed little fellow advanced a step, and asked—(after a loud aside to his chums : “ *Thim’s Amerikens* ”)—“ Will ye have yer boots blacked ? Home Rule for ever.” This incident shows, first, how far down the sentiment for Home Rule has extended ; and second, how shrewd these youngsters are in seasoning their observations according to their audience or patrons. But I am getting to Dublin ahead of time. I was speaking of Killarney, where “ Paddy,” male and female, may be seen in full glory. The lakes of Killarney and their surroundings are all that they have been pictured. There is splendid salmon and trout fishing here, and one of the delicacies of the hotel table is salmon fresh from the lake. While waiting a moment for the boat to start, I offered a boy a sixpence for a “ throw in,” and had not

cast the fly more than a moment or two till I had the satisfaction of landing a splendid trout. I was much interested here in Muckross Abbey, containing the tombs of several Irish kings. No tourist should miss it.

In Limerick you find an air of cleanliness and intelligence. An interesting walk can be taken through the streets. The butter market is an institution. A pleasant faced old butter woman wanted to sell us some of her tempting yellow rolls. We explained that we lived 3,000 or 4,000 miles away, and that the butter would be apt to melt before we got home. Somehow we felt better for her cheery benediction at parting, "God go wid yees, sir." You meet donkeys laden with huge pannier-baskets of peat. You have here the grotesque and picturesque in raggedness: a coat a mile too big, sometimes too small; corduroy breeches, swallow-tailed coats, stove-pipe hats, and a bit of a shillaleh. At Dublin I saw Barney Williams, the great delineator of Irish character; his inventive mind cannot produce anything that can not be paralleled here. The Shannon is a beautiful river, and not unworthy of the songs in its praise. The Limerick Cathedral, with its chime of bells, concerning which there is an interesting legend, is worth visiting. One of our party got into conversation with an old lace woman in front of our hotel. He said he didn't believe in the Virgin Mary. "Well, I do, thin," she replied; "Wuddn't 'you're mother have some influence with you? And do you 'belave the blessed mother of our Lord will have no influence 'wid Him? A word in coort is worth a purse of goold." She most firmly maintained that St. Patrick did actually banish the toads and snakes from Ireland. The query is whether there ever were any snakes in Ireland; as there is no doubt that at present there is not one in the country.

*En route to Dublin.* Met an affable priest, who opposes

Fenianism, but endorses Home Rule. Also conversed with a senior freshman in Trinity College, Dublin. It costs—including board, fees, books, etc.—about £100 per annum at this college. Disapproves of Home Rule. Says the Catholics would override the Protestants. Also met a gentleman who says there are few small real estate owners in Ireland; mostly tenancies; much of the land is owned in England, and the profits spent out of the country.

Dublin impresses the visitor favorably. It is a handsome city. Sackville street would not disgrace any capital. Phoenix Park, with its trees and lawns, its walks and drives, its valleys and hills, and its zoological collection, is one of the finest in Europe, though not equal to Central Park, except in size. The Zoological Garden is open every day of the week—price, weekdays a shilling; Sundays, a penny, to accommodate the working classes. The visitor to Ireland should arrange to spend Sunday in Dublin. In the forenoon, went to the Castle Chapel Royal. The music was of the quiet order, but faultless as to expression. Right opposite to where I sat in the gallery, was Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his wife. He is intelligent-looking, but not so good-looking as Lady Spencer. In the afternoon I attended the full choral service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the large choir of boys and men effectively rendered the chants and anthems. The organ-playing was fine. The preacher was the Lord Primate, but I could not hear him distinctly. These Gothic cathedrals satisfy the craving for beauty and sublimity; they are capable of the finest musical effects; but they were never intended and are poorly adapted for preaching. Among the tablets is one to the memory of Schomberg. Two slabs mark the resting places of Dean Swift and Mrs. Hester Johnson, the "Stella" of his poetry; from the walls hang suspended the banners of the



Knights of St. Patrick. This cathedral was originally Catholic. In the evening I went to hear Father Burke, the celebrated Dominican priest, whose recent tilt in America with the English historian Froude is fresh in the public mind. Father Burke's is a fine, full, portly person ; voice rich and sonorous, with just the slightest hint of a brogue. His tone of voice is not unlike that of Mr. Johnstone, the well-known Orange M. P., who visited Canada last summer. He employs much gesture, and relieves his remarks now and then with a humorous observation that sounds decidedly Beecherish. He spoke strongly of the fixity of the doctrines of the Catholic Church—a calm, quiet anchorage ; and alluded effectively to the diversities among Protestants, and especially Episcopalians. He went straight and strong for Infallibility, and asserted his belief that the truth must be intolerant. At one part of his sermon, he stretched his hands appealingly to heaven, and in tones of deep passion exclaimed, "My God ! and is it not mercy to declare the naked truth?"—namely, that salvation could not be found outside of the Catholic Church. I can fancy the power this man would have over a sympathetic audience in a public hall. Of course there was a good deal of bald assertion mixed with much forcibly-put argument. The sermon was more calculated to confirm Catholics than to convert Protestants ; but it was an able and eloquent effort of its class.

On my way to Belfast, I tarried a train at Drogheda, took a jaunting car, and in a few minutes stood on the site of the Battle of the Boyne. The vale of the Boyne is a surpassingly lovely picture of rural sweetness. Saw the spot where Schomberg fell, the spot where King William was wounded, and the spot where James II. faint-heartedly viewed his falling fortunes before running off in affright to Dublin. My driver, though a Catholic, admired William's bravery and skill, and execrated the cowardice of James.

I remember with delight my visit to the Giant's Causeway. The intelligent guide, Alex. Lavery, is a fine old man. The sea coast scenery approaching and at the Causeway is grand in the extreme. The basaltic pillars themselves are truly wonderful, speaking of potent natural forces of which, with all our boasted knowledge, we know little. Here we saw a beautiful girl, apparently; the guide informed us that she was twenty-five years of age, had been married six years and had six children. She looked scarcely eighteen, as she worked with others gathering sea-weed. A good deal has been said and written of the beauty of Irish women. I have seen here handsome old ladies, and many a "fine old Irish gentlemen;" and well featured and bright complexioned ladies of the better class; and others who gave hints of the probability that soap and water would reveal marked loveliness. But I suspect that wonderfully beautiful women are rare in every country, if they do not flourish almost exclusively in the fancies of painters and poets and in the pages of novelists. Since leaving home I have had no reason to revise the opinion that the girls of Canada can hold their own against the world.

What shall I say of Belfast, the capital of the North of Ireland? It is the one large city in the island that, instead of going back, goes forward in wealth and population. It will yet outstrip Dublin in population. It is a clean, thrifty American-looking city. It seems to have comparatively few poor, and little or no beggary. Its buildings are elegant and substantial. Belfast is the only important Irish city where Protestantism is in the majority. The prevailing type is Presbyterianism, there being between thirty and forty churches of that faith in the city. The great business of Belfast is the linen manufacture. It manufactures linen for the world. Approaching the city you notice fields covered with strips hundreds of yards in

length bleaching in the sun. Ireland does not grow enough flax for the requirements of these factories, and a large quantity of the raw material is imported from Belgium.

But I must stop writing about Ireland. My space, I fear, is more than up. Ireland is well worth visiting. Her lakes and streams, her landscapes and cities, are interesting in themselves and full of legends and memories. It is true the pathetic, in the beggary, squalor and wretchedness of many portions of her soil, cannot be banished; but these are relieved by the vivacity, the kindness, and the true politeness of all classes of the population. Let us hope that for Ireland, after her long night of troubles, there is, somewhere in the future, commencing not far ahead, a *regime* of true prosperity. Erin go bragh!

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### CHAPTER III.

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SCOTLAND'S CHIEF CITIES—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE—ECCLESIASTICAL, SCHOLASTIC AND POLITICAL -- THE "LADY OF THE LAKE"—THE FISH-WIVES OF NEWHAVEN  
—THE KILTED REGIMENTS.

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EDINBURGH, May 13th, 1873.

**A**S all the world knows, the feature *par excellence* of a sail up the Clyde is the view of the extraordinary ship-building activity on either shore. The clangor of hammers is deafening. As we neared the Glasgow wharf, smoke and murkiness combined gave a shadowy and ghostly look to the vessels in the basin. Shortly afterward it cleared up: this, in conjunction with a comfortable breakfast, put me in a fitting frame of mind to see the commercial capital of the North. This is a city of big horses and big policemen. It is astonishing the loads

the horses are required to pull. As for the policemen, they are, like the policemen of all these cities, alert, neat and polite. The traveller's best friend is the policeman. You are always sure by enquiring of them to receive accurate and reliable information. A ride on the outside of a street-car for a penny, gives one an idea of the extent and business importance of Glasgow. Its commerce and manufactures increase yearly; it is now generally held to rank the third city in business importance in the United Kingdom. I am agreeably disappointed in Glasgow. I knew of its ship-building and iron works, and its commerce with all parts of the world; I was aware that its population outnumbered half a million souls; I expected to see signs of energy—but I confess I had not been led to expect to see a city so cleanly and well kept. Glasgow is becoming cosmopolitan. Its population is by no means exclusively Scottish. Indeed, you see few signs here, as in Edinburgh, that you are in "the land of mountain and of flood." I saw but one kilt on the street in several days; and not once did what the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls "that fearful instrument, the bagpipes," salute my ear. To a stranger, the innumerable chimneys on the houses, looking like hats hung out to air, form a noticeable feature. I found them also at Edinburgh, but of a less ornate character. I suppose the people of the two cities, being to a certain extent rivals, like to set their own fashions. There is no beggary on the streets of Glasgow. Here, as in Edinburgh, it is prohibited. There is, however, no lack of poverty among the poorer classes of both cities; relief is dispensed from a fund levied on the ratepayers. The Glasgow West End Park is picturesquely situated, and in time will become a beautiful plot. Many of the public institutions are models of construction; fine residences are numerous; Argyle and Buchanan streets are crowded with elegant stores. No visitor to Glasgow should go away without seeing the old cathe-

dral, founded in 1133. Its style is a massive rather than an elegant Gothic; it is 319 feet in length. It is a strange sensation to wander about in its gloomy crypts, among stone coffins and tablets, and a relief to get again into the sunshine. But I have no intention of writing a guide-book, and must omit mention of the numerous places of interest in this flourishing and wealthy city. In one of my jaunts on the street-cars, I fell in with a gentleman connected with the temperance movement in Scotland. The cause is making some progress, but I am informed that those who take their wine, or "mountain dew," which so many Scotchmen consider a sovereign balm for nearly all the ills to which flesh is heir, comprise the bulk of the population. Among the wealthier classes absolute abstinence, I am told, is extremely rare. Not that I have seen much actual drunkenness; on the contrary, but little. Still the universal testimony is that too much of the money of the poor is spent in liquor. The use of the glass is wrought into the social customs of the country. In nine cases out of ten, judging from my own experience, the visitor will be invited to take wine or spirits with his entertainers. Ministers and laymen are in this respect alike, though of late the pulpit is taking a more decided stand.

At Glasgow I had the opportunity of hearing the play of "Jeanie Deans." The interstices between the acts were filled up with Scottish airs. The audience was not "lifted" very often, though the *denouement*, where the execution is stayed and everything ends up like the last page of a novel, was vociferously applauded.

Those who wish to obtain a peep at the beauties of Highland scenery, but whose time is limited, cannot do better than take the round trip from Glasgow to the Trossachs. We leave Glasgow by a long dark tunnel, on a steep upward grade, the

up train propelled by the momentum of a down train on an endless wire. I was amused in going through the tunnel at the evident determination of a cannie Scot to economize time in reading his newspaper by lighting successive wax matches. *En route* we pass coal pits, with hoisting apparatus resembling oil derricks, flaming iron works, etc. Here is a spectacle-man with an assortment he assures you cannot be surpassed; and yonder is a peripatetic glazier with his paraphernalia on his back. We are now at Balloch, the commencement of Loch Lomond, where we take steamer to Inversnaid; then coach for a couple of miles through mountain roads to Stroanachlachar, the horses dashing up the steep declivities at full run. The play of light and shade on the sides of Ben Lomond and contiguous mountains is a study: some of the peaks are shrouded in impenetrable gloom; some are surrounded by changing vistas of light clouds; some are flooded with glory through rifts in the sky. Snow still remains on the summit of Ben Lomond.

I like the scenery of Loch Katrine. On this blue water Sir Walter Scott lays the scene of "The Lady of the Lake," so wondrous fair that

—ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form or lovelier face.

Helen's Island (where Fitz James caught his first enrapturing view of "The Lady of the Lake"), with its rocky and weather-tinted base, and its foliated brow, reminds the Canadian of one of the larger of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. The charm at this spot consists in the combination of the soft beauty of Helen's Island with the frowning sublimity of Benvenue. This picture is worth visiting Scotland to see. Irish scenery, with the exception of coast views,

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is for the most part beautiful rather than imposing; the scenery of Scotland carries with it ruggedness and grandeur. How could Scotchmen be other than abrupt and rugged amid such surroundings? People in Scotland wear a more serious air than in Ireland, as if life were too short to spend much of it frivolously. They answer in briefer sentences; they are less communicative; you cannot penetrate their shell at once; their theological training keeps before them the idea of duty for duty's sake. These are the men to breast a tide of error; these the men to give stability to a community. But though Scotchmen at home do not possess the spontaneous enthusiasm of the Irish, though they do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, their attachments, once formed, are enduring, and Scottish hospitality is immense. Your entertainers cannot do enough for you. Long flourish bonnie Scotland, and long may her sons carry their intelligence and thrift and perseverance into every part of the world!

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Lake," so

I am happy to find a good deal of knowledge of Canada in Glasgow and Edinburgh, among the journalists and other ruling classes. There is still room, however, for vigorous efforts by both the Dominion and Provincial Governments in disseminating information respecting the advantages of Canada as a home for immigrants.

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Arrived at Edinburgh on Saturday, early in the afternoon, by way of Linlithgow. At a passing station saw a car marked, "For Ladies Travelling Alone." Such an arrangement is not here so unmeaning as it might be considered in the United States or Canada. One of the weak points of the British railway system is this: you are locked in a small compartment, having a door only at the side. You are isolated, cut off from all human assistance in most cases, until you reach the next stopping place. It was only yesterday or the day before that



I read in a Glasgow paper of a traveller robbed, beaten, and thrown out of the carriage window while the train was in full motion. These things do not often happen, but the fact that they are possible shows the superiority, in some respects, of the railway system of America.

The first view of Edinburgh is impressive. The longer one resides within its borders the better he likes the city. Edinburgh, the "Modern Athens," is not inaptly called. It resembles the ancient Athens in certain physical features, while its importance as a seat of literature and learning renders the title in another sense not presumptuous. Edinburgh stands on three hills, from and towards which may be had pleasant views. Nature has been bountiful to Edinburgh; its landscapes take in "mountain, stream and sea;" the lofty buildings of the old town are gabled and turreted in the most picturesque manner of the Elizabethan order; the new town is crowded with monuments and public buildings, the latter mostly in the Grecian style; while, to heighten the effect of this almost embarrassing richness, nearly every foot of Edinburgh is rich in romantic history. I have never been in any city at all approaching it in attractiveness; and I am assured by numerous travellers that, take it all in all, it has no successful rival in Europe. Of course I climbed the Calton Hill; clambered up to Arthur's seat; visited the Castle; took 287 steps to the top of Sir Walter Scott's monument; strolled down High street, through the Canongate; went into St. Giles' Church, where John Knox preached—where pious, wrathful Jenny Geddes hurled the stool at the minister—and which is interesting as being the place where the Solemn League and Covenant was signed. Holyrood Palace is an interesting spot. This old furniture, then good enough for royalty, would now be spurned by the mechanics of Canada. Here is Queen

Mary's bedroom, where Rizzio was murdered. The private stair is here by which Darnley's rooms connected with those of the Queen above.

But what is all this hubbub on the streets? A regiment, the 93rd, in full kilts, leaving Edinburgh. The effect of the kilt on the streets is picturesque, especially after you get over the oddity of the thing. At first, on seeing one of these gallant sons of Mars promenading with a sweetheart on the street, it requires considerable penetration to decide which is the swain and which the sweetheart, and then perhaps you will decide wrongly. However, the people here like the kilt; and everybody has heard of the Highlandman who said he always caught cold when he put on the breeks. High street on a Saturday evening is lively: men, women and children promenading leisurely; women at street-stands selling fish and vegetables.

Speaking of fish, I took a walk through the fishing village of New Haven, to have a glance at the fish-wives celebrated in connection with the song of the "Caller Herrin'." The fishing-boats on the Frith, with their brown sails; men mending nets; bait-baskets, looking like empty halves of huge oyster-shells; about fifty or one hundred women on the pier, with their short petticoats, white caps, red arms, and their creels or fish-baskets slung on their backs, made a scene that would look well in a picture. Some of these fish-women were young and handsome; others masculine-featured; all ruddy and strong.

On Sunday morning, in company with a Presbyterian minister of New York, returning home from a tour in the East, I strolled towards the church of Dr. Alexander, the noted Independent minister of Edinburgh. The singing was sprightly and in excellent taste, especially the chants and sanctuses.

The preacher was the Rev. Mr. Stark, who has a cousin in London, Canada. The discourse was able and practical. All the leading churches here hold their second service at 2:30 p. m., instead of in the evening. In Dr. Alexander's church there is a coffee-room in the basement, for the accommodation of those who desire to remain between services. There is no taking up of collections, as with us, but plates are to be found at the door. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered at the close of the morning service every Sabbath. Dr. Alexander occupied his own pulpit in the afternoon, singularly taking the same topic as Mr. Stark—God manifest in the flesh. Dr. Alexander is well advanced in years; hair snowy; style thoughtful and forcible rather than rhetorical. The Doctor is one of the clerical notabilities of Edinburgh, and an accomplished scholar. In the evening I managed to find a Presbyterian Church that had its service at 6:30. The congregation at this place and hour was mainly of a humble class. The auditorium was circular; pulpit of the old-fashioned spreading order, with a solemn-looking sounding-board looming over the preacher's head. The sexton, in stately style, proceeded up the pulpit stairs with the Bible—a sign that the minister would soon appear. Appear in a moment or two he did, the sexton marching thoughtfully in rear to close the door of the pulpit. Of course the congregation sang sitting; the precentor, in a quavering voice, pitched the tune; the first verse was joined in but fitfully by the congregation—the next was better.

Edinburgh is a stronghold of Presbyterianism, though in this it but resembles the whole of Scotland. Presbyterianism is divided into three sections. First in number of congregations comes the Established Church of Scotland, which receives public aid in the shape of direct Government grants

and tithes ; it totals about 1,200 congregations. Next in importance is the Free Church, having under its charge about 900 congregations ; last year it raised for all purposes £342,000. Then we have the United Presbyterian section, numbering about 600 congregations. As might be expected, there is more life and vitality about the two latter bodies than the first named. Negotiations are now going on for the amalgamation of the Free Church and the U. P's. It is likely the union will be eventually effected, though a few obstinate obstructionists are doing all they can to prevent a consummation which to an outsider appears to be indicated by considerations of common sense.

The U. P. Synod commenced its sessions in Edinburgh on Monday evening of this week. Dr. Cairnes, a clerical notability, was to preach the retiring Moderator's annual sermon. Half-past six was the time, but I took the precaution of going half an hour earlier. Even then there were many before me. The scene was animating : the *creme de la creme* of ecclesiastical society present ; the hall crowded to suffocation ; many unable to get inside. Dr. Cairnes is a large, broad-chested, somewhat unwieldy man in appearance. He possesses few of the embellishments of the orator. His gesture is monotonous, and at first his accent is broad and drawling ; but as he warms to his work you forget his peculiarities. His big heart, massive intellect, and great learning carry him through. During that part of his discourse in which he alluded powerfully to the desirability of union, or when he spoke of the religious tendencies of the day and how to meet them, or when he adverted to the death-roll of the year, the audience seemed at times to restrain its breathing. Those who intimately know Dr. Cairnes describe him as one of the most modest and retiring of men.

On Tuesday, in company with an Edinburgh lady, visited the advocates' library. As an illustration of how absurdities are perpetuated over here, it may be worth saying that by some ancient patent this library is entitled to, and to this day receives, a free copy of every book issued in the United Kingdom ! An advocate of my fair guide's acquaintance conducted us through. The legal fraternity wear white wigs. The effect is curious at first, but seems to harmonize with the surroundings. In one chamber saw the Judges of the Supreme Court at work, and had the felicity of hearing a wrangle, very Canadian-like, concerning the validity of a title deed. Scottish lawyers cannot practice in English courts, nor English lawyers in Scottish courts.

The Antiquarian Museum everybody visits. Old Celtic remains, mummies, old weapons, specimens of coins, bronzes, Jenny Geddes' stool, the Solemn League and Covenant, old-time instruments of torture, John Knox's veritable pulpit—everything. Some of these old, illuminated vellum manuscripts, with their fadeless brilliant colorings, and their even writing, are worth seeing. These heavy coats of mail armor must have been a hard day's work to carry. In the Egyptian section I noticed a lady's hand of singular beauty of form ; the rest of the body may have been dust for thousands of years. Yonder are several ancient minstrel-harps ; and here the actual sea-chest of Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe).

The people of Edinburgh, and indeed of all Scotland, are alive to the importance of education. This city is celebrated for its educational advantages. Its University has instructed many a man who afterwards became famous. But it is of the ordinary schools that I desire to speak. Elections of trustees under the operations of the new Scottish Education Act have recently been held. A controversy arose as to whether the

Bible and Shorter Catechism should be used in the schools. The secularists mustered their best, with this result: Of the fifteen elected, ten go straight for Bible and Catechism; two ladies are among the elect (this is not a Calvinistic allusion), who go for the Bible at any rate; one goes for the Bible, and has no particular objection to the Catechism, though not ardently in its favor; one is Episcopalian; one Catholic. It will be understood that no one who objects is forced to be present during religious exercises. A compulsory clause has been added to the school law, by which children must be sent to school a portion of each school-day until the age of thirteen years. Those who are able are expected to pay; but the poor can have free tuition. This system is not nearly so desirable as that of Canada. There all classes accept free education as a matter of right; here the feelings of the poor are needlessly wounded by being compelled to accept education as a matter of charity.

The newspapers of Edinburgh are first-class—particularly the *Review* and *Scotsman*. The former is carefully written and conducted, and worthy of a literary capital. The *Scotsman* is also ably conducted, and combines with its ability a strong dash of New York *Herald* enterprise. Some time ago it put on a special morning train to carry its early editions to Glasgow. Its circulation is about 40,000 daily. Its manager conducted me through the establishment. Elegant suites of rooms for editors and reporters; a telegraphic room, connecting directly, per special wire, with London; stereotyping foundry; an army of compositors. But the great feature of the establishment is the press-room. Here may be seen, by those who obtain admittance, three of the celebrated Walter presses, the best and fastest in the world. This press is the invention and patent of Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, and



is the press on which the *Times* is printed. The *Scotsman* presses are as yet the only ones outside of London. It is a splendid sight to see the papers coming out at the rate of 200 per minute ! It will run from 10,000 to 15,000 per hour ; prints, from an endless roll of dry paper, both sides of the paper at once ; the paper is damped as well as cut in going through.

Edinburgh is full of hotels. One thing that puts the stranger immediately at home in Edinburgh is the prominence of the landmarks already alluded to : you can always tell where you are.

I have met fine weather from the day I landed, contrary to the prophecies of those who led me to expect otherwise. By-the-way, how is it that good photographs cannot be taken here ? Perhaps that is putting the question in a strong way ; but certainly neither Ireland nor Scotland can compete with Canada in photographs.

Edinburgh and its surroundings are redolent of Sir Walter Scott. Burns is here overshadowed ; in the region of Ayr, I presume, the picture is reversed. No doubt Burns' genius, however, was of a higher order than even that of the author of *Waverley*.

I notice little or no accent among the educated people of Edinburgh. The refinement of those who have had good advantages is quite noticeable. The Scotch are like their Aberdeen granite—capable of receiving a high polish.

And now a word, in closing this discursive letter, on the politics of Scotland. To the British Parliament Scotland sends sixty members. Of these only four are Conservatives.

## CHAPTER IV.

MELROSE ABBEY AND THE TWEED—THE CUMBERLAND LAKES—  
 SPURGEON—RITUALISM IN FULL BLOOM—WESTMINSTER  
 ABBEY—NILSSON—SMART RAILWAYING.

THE run from Edinburgh to Melrose is through a clean, well-cultivated, picturesque country. Romantic glens and green slopes, with now and then a gleam of purple heather and yellow furze. Melrose Abbey, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, is one of the best-known and most interesting ruins in the world. Time and wind and storm have impressed on the venerable structure almost every imaginable tint. The Abbey was founded in the twelfth century. Florid stone tracery, niches, pinnacles, broken statues of virgins and saints; over all, ivy in profusion, the effect heightened by here and there awall-flower. A small stone indicates the place where the heart of The Bruce is interred. Jackdaws were flying clamorously through the Gothic arches as we rambled among the ruins. Melrose is romantically situated in the valley of the Tweed, at the base of an amphitheatre of varying hills. The Tweed at this point is about as wide as the Grand River of Canada. With its alternately meadowed and wooded banks, now low, now steep, the landscape is charming. No wonder Scott loved it. At Kelso the Tweed joins "sweet Teviot's silver tide," the two streams combined making a more important river. Near Kelso I met a traction engine, rather large and clumsy, running up-hill in lively style, dragging a threshing machine behind. Also a couple of sports, carrying guns, and a pole strung with about a dozen young rooks or crows. These young rooks are eaten, and considered good. Likewise visited a fine old Scotch couple, and did not escape without a cup of tea and some genuine Scotch "scons."

From Kelso proceeded south into England by what is known as the Waverley route. Shortly after the border was passed a rosy-cheeked cattle-dealer from Durham got in at a by-station. He would weigh 225 lbs., if an ounce. His laugh had music in it. He contended that English beef and mutton are the best and juiciest in the world. I am not sure that he is not right. The climate seems to favor grass-growing and stock-fattening. I bade good-bye to my jovial acquaintance, and struck off the main line to Windermere; thence by coach to Ambleside. Here I was most kindly entertained and shown the neighborhood by Mr. John Russell (brother of Mrs. R. I. Seddon, of London, Ont.), a most intelligent gentleman. Of course I had a sail on the lakes. The scenery of these Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes is exceedingly fine; the mountain prospects striking; the winding rural roads in the vicinity delightful. Universal cleanliness and tidiness. No beggars. Handsome villa-residences of a warm-colored stone, with white facings. The Cumberland lakes are thronged in summer, particularly by wedding tourists. Here are to be seen the house of Wordsworth the poet; the house of the poet Coleridge; and the house where Harriet Martineau at present resides. In the village graveyard lie the remains of both Wordsworth and Coleridge. On a projecting rock on Wordsworth's late residence these lines may be seen:

In these fair vales hath many a tree  
At Wordsworth's suit been spared,  
And from the builder's hand this stone,  
For some rude beauty of its own,  
Was rescued by the bard.  
So let it rest, and time will come  
When here the tender-hearted  
May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
As one of the departed.

The stone is dated 1830. On another stone the following lines, which never appeared in any of his books, were cut by his own hand in a sort of text-letter. The date is 1838 :

Would'st thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,  
Shun the broad road too easily explored,  
And let thy path be hewn out of the rock,  
The living rock of God's eternal word.

In resuming my journey towards London, I had a good opportunity of noting the rural scenery of England. Green and well-trimmed hedges ; verdant fields, minus a stump (there is not a stump in England, nor a zig-zag rail fence) ; apple blossoms, wafting a fragrance that no Rimmel or Lubin could hope to match ; radiant daisies ; grassy lawns ; grand old trees. The taste in England is not so much for gingerbread flower-beds as for green stretches, broad lawns, great trees. Such a prospect does not tire. Old Chaucer speaks of one of his heroes being "as fresh as is the month of May." The same language might be used by Tennyson to-day. Beautiful and grand scenery may be seen in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and in all parts of the Continent, notably in Switzerland ; but I have seen no country that for quiet loveliness in the way of rural scenery equals England.

My first Sunday in London found me at 10:45 a. m. well-seated in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Large auditorium ; two tiers of galleries. As usual the building (it seats 5,000 persons) was crowded. There is no pulpit, but merely a slight reading-desk on a plain platform. Mr. Spurgeon's is a round, ruddy English face, almost boyish in freshness ; black necktie ; black hair and beard ; moderately full habit—about an average between Dr. Cooper and Dr. Punshon. It is a sight to see this great congregation stand up to sing. They sing heartily and well. There is neither choir nor organ ; simply a pre-

centor, who stands by the preacher. Mr. Spurgeon directs the singing a good deal himself. On this occasion he stopped the singing after the first verse, and said he wanted them to sing the second verse boldly; the third softly; the next very softly; "and the last with all your might." The instructions were obeyed, and with fine effect. The sermon, couched in plainest Saxon, was on Jesus the Bread of Life. Each word distinctly and separately enunciated; no accent to tell his nationality; voice rich and mellow, and on the whole the finest I have ever heard. Mr. Spurgeon calls a spade a spade. He strongly inveighed against the "astounding" and "preposterous" sacramentarian views held by "idiots in high places." He was sick and tired of this "nineteenth century;" was glad it was going out; and hoped the twentieth century would be better. Both in his prayers and in the sermon he alluded freely to current ecclesiastical politics and opinions. In listening to this celebrated man, the hearer naturally seeks to solve the secret of his power and popularity. For one thing, he thinks clearly, and consequently speaks clearly. He uses no circumlocution, but hits the nail on the head. He takes a common-sense view of things. He has been endowed with a splendid voice, backed up by a strong physique. He uses no word that the most unlearned cannot understand. He is in dead earnest.

In the afternoon attended service in St. Paul's under the dome. St. Paul's comes second or third in size after St. Peter's of European churches; it is a splendid building. The musical service is something superb. In the evening, in company with Mr. George Burns and Mr. J. Ross Robertson, went to St. Alban's, the noted Ritualistic Church, where Maconachie cuts up his capers extraordinary before heaven. Red, white and blue lights on an altar; crosses; suspended Christs; an

intoned service ; face to altar and surpliced back to people ; responses between men and women, who sit on different sides ; genuflections before the altar. Two boys detailed to swing lamps of incense. The preacher, habited like a Dominican priest, crossed himself on entering the pulpit before commencing his sermon. The discourse was an affected effort, chiefly an exhortation to particular duties on certain days. This a State-assisted, Established Protestant Church ! I like to see a man, whether politician or theologian, either one thing or another. Let him be fish, flesh, or good red herring. I have respect for those who are conscientiously Catholic ; they have the same right to their opinions that I have to mine ; but I have no respect for those who receive State money as Protestants, when all their practices and teachings tend in another direction. As a matter of justice to Nonconformists, Protestant and Catholic, as well as to that section of Episcopalianism which still adheres to the principles of the Reformation, disestablishment must and will come in England as in Ireland, and that not long hence.

The next forenoon, in company with the Rev. R. W. Wallace, strolled towards Westminster Abbey. The exterior is imposing, but much blackened by soot and weather. Inside, the beauty of the structure at once strikes the observer. What a glorious old pile ! In it lies treasured the dust of kings and bishops, orators and poets. That person must be indeed stolid who can wander unimpressed among these monuments and effigies of the famous dead. Here is the chair in which Queen Victoria and all the sovereigns of England for 600 years have been crowned ; here the famous stone upon which were crowned the ancient monarchs of Scotland. Yonder is the grave of Mary Queen of Scots ; of Mary, Princess of Orange ; of Gloucester ; of Queen Elizabeth. That is the



tomb of Henry the Seventh ; this slab covered the dust of Cromwell ; that is the fresh grave of Lord Lytton ; Macaulay lies here ; and on yonder wall is seen the effigy of Shakespeare. The roll of names is too long and illustrious to be written in detail. Some 200 years ago, after a visit to Westminster Abbey, Addison wrote as follows : " When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some 600 years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

In the evening, at 8:30 o'clock, went to hear Christine Nilsson in *La Traviata*, at the door buying for a shilling an English version of the opera, with the music of the principal airs. The crush was tremendous ; the ground floor and the five tiers of galleries crowded. The display in the way of toilettes, flashing diamonds and fluttering fans was brilliant in the extreme. Paris, with all its brilliancy, does not equal London in stylishness during the height of " the London Season."

Among the wonderful things in London I do not know that anything impressed me more than the underground railway system. There are splendid stations above ground for entrance and for sale of tickets, corresponding with spacious and well-ventilated stations below. You give up your ticket on going down, and surrender it on going up after reaching your destination. The trains rush in and out of the long tunnels at a high rate of speed ; by means of the powerful brakes they can be stopped almost instantly. The comfortable cars are lit with gas. The rates are cheap, about a penny a mile. Time and distance in London are annihilated. Trains run every few minutes. A double track is used. As the trains dash in and come to a stand-still, the station guards open the doors, which are at the side ; some get out ; others get in ;

the train moves on, the doors being nimbly shut by the guards one by one as the cars glide away. American and Canadian railway men sometimes imagine they do things smartly; the underground railway of London would open their eyes. I remember asking an American how long he thought the stop was at each station on the underground. This includes getting one set of passengers out, another set in, and starting again. He reflected a moment, and said four minutes. He was considerably astonished when I told him the average time of stopping *was only one-third of a minute, or twenty seconds!* Yet this is the fact; I timed it purposely a dozen times. The astonishing part of the business is the revelation of what *can* be done, without any appearance of hurry, in twenty seconds, when it is done by the clock-like system here employed. I think the employes of the London Underground Railway are entitled to echo the challenge of the big-squash man, and say, with some degree of confidence, BEAT THIS WHO CAN!

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## CHAPTER V.

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THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS—SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED  
PUBLIC MEN—GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, KIMBERLEY, ARCH-  
BISHOP MANNING, DR. AILON—THE PRESS—  
SIGHT-SEEING—DERBY DAY.

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LONDON, May 29.

**T**HIS is a city! Or would it not be more proper to describe it as a dozen cities rolled into one? It requires a fortnight or more of hard sight-seeing to estimate even approximately its vastness. The population of London is as great as the total population of the Dominion of Canada.

The evening after posting my last letter I wended my way, in company with two other Canadians, to the House of Commons, which opens at 4 p. m. It is not always easy to obtain admittance, especially if an important debate is on the *tapis*; but sending in my card to Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, that Minister soon appeared in the lobby and courteously secured us admission. Outwardly the Parliament Buildings, especially looking from the river, are imposing in appearance. Interiorly the Commons Chamber is plain, yet substantial; dark oak panelings. M.P.'s about as unruly on the average as our Canadian Commoners. Some lounge; some sit cross-leggedly; many wear their hats during debate. The Commons seats are not cut up, as in Ottawa, in desk-sittings, but extend the full length of the chamber. No desks. On the Speaker's right, near the Clerk's table, sits Gladstone, the Premier of England. No one would suspect unless told that the controller of the Parliament of the Empire that wields the world is the plain, unassuming gentleman before him. Hair whitening and thinning; thoughtful and intellectual face. Side-face not unlike that of the late Sandfield Macdonald. Voice clear and pleasant; sentences felicitous. The impression of Mr. Gladstone is that of a powerful machine working easily. I did not hear him in a great effort, but to advantage otherwise. On the other side of the mace, to the left of the white-wigged Speaker, almost within hand-shaking distance, among members of the Opposition, carelessly lounges Disraeli, ex-Premier and leader of the Nays. "Dizzy" has a bronzed, Jewish, sardonic cast of countenance; in facial appearance, as in character and tactics, strongly resembling Sir John A. Macdonald. The appearance of the House in session is much similar to that of the Dominion Parliament; and fine specimens of soporific oratory are to be heard in London as well as at Ottawa and Toronto. The fact

is, there is little "eloquence" in the world according to the usual imaginative acceptation of the term, and those who come abroad unprepared to give the highest place to matter in preference to manner, will be apt to be disappointed. On the whole, after hearing various men on various subjects, and admitting the transcendent abilities of a few, I do not consider the average of ability in the Canadian House of Commons much inferior to that of its more famous namesake. The gorgeous chamber of the House of Lords is worth seeing. In it sit old peers and young peers and bishops in lawn sleeves; but unless informed they were "the Lords anointed," the observer would detect little difference between them and commoner clay. Heard Earl Kimberley, a good speaker; Lord Lisgar (late Governor-General of Canada), and a bishop or two. I can't precisely see the propriety of a hereditary chamber here any more than the sense of a nominative Upper House in Canada. Sooner or later this feeling will make itself felt. With regard to Republicanism, the agitation in that direction is chiefly as yet among the working classes, who consider, rightly or wrongly, that royalty is a rather expensive institution. A bad monarch would give a great impulse to this feeling. England will not, however, soon be a Republic for all that. The Church, the aristocracy, the landed gentry, many influences of high society, are in favor of monarchy; and it is felt that England at present possesses many of the advantages, without the disadvantages, of Republicanism.

In the evening went to see Madame Tussaud's gallery of wax figures. It includes almost everybody, from King Egbert to "the Claimant," and is remarkable in many respects, though, of course, lacking the majesty of marble. Next morning "did" St. Paul's, whispering gallery and the rest of it, *en route* witnessing a street representation of "Punch and Judy."

Subsequently made my way to the London office of the *Toronto Globe*, of which Mr. J. Ross Robertson, late of Toronto, is manager. This is one of the most attractive spots to Canadians in London. Here *Globes* of late dates may be seen ; and here you can generally find from the register the addresses of other Canadians in the metropolis. The enterprise of the proprietors of the leading journal of the Dominion is much appreciated in London ; and it is conceded that they have secured the services of the right man in the right place as manager. While on press matters, a few words on the newspapers of London may not be out of place. The *Times* still heads the list as regards prestige, though it by no means possesses the overshadowing influence it once boasted. Its price is three pence per copy, five cents ; all the other papers (except the *Morning Post* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, which are two pence) sell for one penny. The *Times* is printed on heavy white paper, in faultless typography. The *Telegraph* crows on every dead wall that it has the "largest daily circulation in the world ;" and this is not an idle vaunt. In circulation, enterprise and dash the *Telegraph*—out-and-out Gladstone in politics—surpasses all its rivals. The *Daily News*, very ably written, is also Liberal, with a strong bias towards independent criticism of men and things. The *Standard* is pronouncedly Tory. The *Morning Post* is the aristocratic organ of Toryism and fashionable intelligence. The *Hour* is a recently established daily, also Conservative, same size as the *Standard*, but it is not likely to succeed. The *Morning Advertiser*, organ of the Licensed Victuallers, like those for whom it speaks, opposes the Administration. Of journals published in the afternoon, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, ablest and most noted, is read chiefly in clubs and aristocratic resorts. The *Globe*, Conservative, takes a leading position, and is the best-informed paper here on Canadian affairs. The *Echo*, a half-penny paper, has per-

haps the largest evening circulation. The *Standard* is the only morning daily that publishes an evening edition. There are some things I like about the English press, and some I dislike. They are well printed, *sans* display type, and excellently proof-read. Their leading articles are carefully written, and usually marked by a courtesy of expression worthy of trans-Atlantic imitation. At the same time, there is no London journal comparable with, say, the New York *Herald*, for dashing and costly enterprise. Contrasting the wealth and population of Toronto with the wealth and population of London, the *Globe* is in enterprise ahead of the best paper of this metropolis. The press of London cannot be said to reflect accurately the sentiment of the nation on the most important topics. It is too much under club and aristocratic influences ; and even Liberal journals are not exempt from a certain hat-in-hand way of speaking of the sporting and other performances of noblemen. Canada gets but a poor show in the London newspapers ; and I have noticed that the leading journals of Great Britain outside of London discuss Canadian topics more intelligently, and realize more fully the importance of the colonies than the press of the capital. At the same time, Canada stock in England is on the whole looking up.

It would be an endless task to describe in detail the places of amusement and instruction in London. There is probably as much to be seen in this city as in the rest of Europe. The Tower, dating back 800 years, with its historical water-gates on the Thames, carries you into the past. Passing the gorgeous "beef-eaters" who guard its gates, you are soon in the midst of knights in armor, weapons and antiquities of all descriptions. Here are two guns captured at Quebec by Wolfe ; here the coat on which he was placed to die at the moment of victory. This is a keen and glittering Damascus blade ;



these are heading-blocks and axes ; those are old English cross-bows and long bows. In that gloomy room Sir Walter Raleigh was confined ; and on this fatal ground Lady Jane Grey was executed.

Now to the spacious Regent's Park and Zoological Gardens. Elephants and hippopotami, including "the baby ;" monkeys, with their strangely human look ; frightful serpents ; gaily-plumaged birds ; fishes—indeed, specimens of nearly every living creature in earth, air or sea. This collection is the finest in the world. In the evening took "supper" with a pleasant English family. The rule here is four meals a day : breakfast, lunch or dinner, tea, supper between nine and ten o'clock. How people can sleep after a hearty meal of meats, ale, etc., just before retiring, is what a person must get used to to understand. There is something pleasant about these English households of the comfortable class. Much freedom and pleasant rallying, yet with it more respect to parents as heads of the domestic government than usually obtains beyond the seas. Those in even average circumstances are here brought up to a style of manners and precision of politeness pleasantly opposed to that undue familiarity which is said to beget contempt.

The marvellous collection known as the British Museum is an inexhaustible mine of interest and information. Every department of human knowledge is said to be here represented. Among some things that interested me were the original Magna Charta ; manuscripts in the writing of Macaulay, Shakespeare, Luther, Calvin, Addison, Galileo, Cromwell, and "Junius ;" several Papal bulls ; the earliest printed books ; a Bible, in old-fashioned text letters, with illuminated capitals. Here is a splendid mastodon—an extinct animal as large as a dozen ordinary horses. A fine gorilla enables the believers of Darwin

to study the newly-recognized "man and brother." Some Birds of Paradise make the saunterer linger to admire their loveliness. On leaving, one of the umbrella-and-overcoat attendants (not knowing we had already "tipped" an individual of the same species for services rendered) observed in blandest tones, "We looks for encouragement, sir, for taking in of coats." "Encouragement" is good.

In the evening heard Adelina Patti at Covent Garden, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglio*. Here you see the wealth and fashion and beauty of London. A great deal of style in dressing may, indeed, be necessary, for the hundreds of opera-glasses turned in every direction dissect all appearances. These halls are so large that a good glass is a necessity. Patti is a little lady; graceful manner; superb voice. Nilsson is calm, majestic; Patti vivacious. As to which is the best singer, having heard both, I cannot decide; but they are undoubtedly the two best sopranos in the world. During the evening, in response to an encore, Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home." The delicacy and tenderness of her rendering of this familiar old air were enchanting; a hush fell on the vast audience until the last cadence died sweetly away. It takes a simple song like this to move the hearts alike of rich and poor.

"Compared with these, Italia's trills are tame."

The Queen's Birthday opened sunshiny and warm. Witnessed the pageant of trooping the colors at the Horse Guards. Four bands, massed, performed the regulation airs. Among those present were the Princess of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh. In the afternoon, a flower show day, went to Alexandria Palace, a spacious and handsome building. Looking down from one of the picture galleries upon the promenading throng, taking in the prospect of ferns, flowers, shrubs, fountains, the scene is fairy-like. There was going on at the same

time a concert, with a chorus of 1,000 instruments and voices, Sir Michael Costa conductor, and Madame Titiens as soloist.

Later in the afternoon strolled through Hyde Park. This sight, during the height of "the season," on a bright afternoon, is an extraordinary one. For a mile the road is blocked up with thousands of handsome equipages waiting their turn to move forward ; beautiful horses, looking as if they had been just varnished ; dukes and dowagers, showing off their charming daughters ; knee-breeched coachmen and powdered footmen ; ladies and gentlemen on horseback. I like vastly the appearance of these English parks. They are thoroughly rural in appearance, and must be invaluable as play-grounds for tired and smoke-begrimed people "in populous city pent." By the way, why should not London the Less have at least one park, to be followed in course of time by the nucleus of a museum or zoological collection ? Why, also, could not letters be delivered several times a day free of cost in Canada as well as in English cities ? Also, why not be as careful of life in the matter of railway crossings as in England ? In no case, here, are passengers allowed to cross a railway track. The railway companies are compelled to under-tunnel for teams, and over-bridge for pedestrians.

My second Sunday in London was spent not less interestingly than my first. My first included Spurgeon, St. Paul's and St. Alban's ; my second, Archbishop Manning, the Temple Church, and the Rev. Henry Allon. I heard Archbishop Manning in the forenoon at St. Mary's of the Angels, Bayswater. The church is much like an Anglican Cathedral, and the service of a less pronounced tone of Catholicism than I have seen. I prefer it to St. Alban's. When the Archbishop preaches, the ushers collect 3d., 6d., or 1s., according to position. Marriage notices were given out and Scriptures read in

English. What harm would come of carrying through the *whole* service in a tongue that people understand? Archbishop Manning, at one time an Episcopal clergyman, is tall, serene, thoughtful. His style of speaking is quiet; gestures few and gentle. It is a pleasure to listen to his voice, not loud but clear, as without note or manuscript he proceeds with his discourse. The sermon, which treated of patient waiting and zealous working for Christ, was for the most part composed of sentiments that would sound quite orthodox in a Protestant pulpit. I came away favorably impressed with the intellectual force and sincerity of the noted preacher. In the afternoon to the Temple Church, which has the reputation of the best music in London. This church was built for the Knights Templar, effigies of whom, of full size, lie at full length on the floor. The floor is finely tessellated, and the whole structure is quaintly beautiful. The time for evening service found me seated in the sweet chapel of the Rev. Henry Allon, and editor of the *British Quarterly Review*. At every window fresh-foliaged trees looked into the chapel, and seemed to wave a welcome; while through the open doors stole the vesper songs of birds. The effect, after a surfeit of architectural grandeur, and of studies for sensuous effect in grand cathedrals, was soothing and restful. The admirable sermon was on the theme of leaving all and following Christ. Dr. Allon's Church is famous for its congregational singing. Everybody sings, and nothing is sung by the choir in which the congregation does not join. The singing is not only uniform, but full of religious expression. Such singing exposes the absurdity of the argument sometimes employed, that the organ is incompatible with singing by a whole congregation, and also that chants cannot be heartily and effectively joined in by all.

Need I say I have been at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham?

—a place full of interest ; as is the International Exhibition, and the Kensington Museum. At the Crystal Palace I was struck with the splendid advertisement of Australia in a section devoted to that colony. Why should not Canada have a similar collection and perpetual advertisement in one of these places, thronged constantly with people from every part of the globe? The fact is, Canada will have to wake up if she desires to take a position commensurate with her splendid resources.

Take it all in all, if a person can only find time to see *one* of these great exhibitions, I would advise him to select the International. Connected with it is the Royal Albert Hall, the finest in London. The organ is a fine instrument. The tune "Mariners," with variations, was part of the programme the afternoon I visited the hall. The vox humana, in one part, sounded like the voices of a distant choir ; the full organ, coming after, made the roof tremble. The Albert Memorial, hard by, is the most gorgeous monument I ever saw.

This is the Derby Day, the great holiday of England. Everybody, including the Tichborne jury, gets a holiday on this day. Epsom Downs, where the race is run, is about eighteen miles distant from London. The best way to go, apart from private conveyances, is to get on the top of a 'bus. You thus see the throng and its doings. The race is the least part of a Derby Day. It is over in two or three minutes. Half of those who go to the Downs never see the race. The idea of very many apparently is that the Derby means a huge picnic, with all manner of solid English viands, and unlimited quantities of beer and spirits. Towards evening the scene frequently becomes a Saturnalia. The picture, however, presented by the hill-slopes crowded with masses of gay colors ; the flying flags ; the bright-jacketed postillions ; the quarter

of a million of people ; the beautiful Derby horses, flashing past like the wind—all combine to make a scene that can be witnessed in the same magnitude here alone. The influence of the Derby cannot, however, be otherwise than demoralizing. The straining suspense, as half a dozen horses dash by neck and neck ; the imprecations of some, the gleeful shouts of others, over the result, show how dangerously absorbing the gambling passion in its victims is apt to become. A young nobleman on the grand stand had £1,000 on a losing horse. His face turned white as his favorite fell to the rear ; when the race was over he could not restrain his feelings, but cried for a few moments like a child. Poor moth, your only safety was to have kept away from the candle !

My notes must draw to a close. Many things of which I have taken memoranda must be omitted from present mention. London impresses me with wonder the more I know of it. It is full of interest. It is one of the easiest cities to get about in, on account of its numerous and excellent modes of conveyance. It is said, as to police regulations, to be the best-kept city in the world. I have been on its streets day and night, without a hint of molestation. The changes have been often rung on the contrasts between the wealth of London on the one hand, and its poverty on the other ; and nothing, indeed, can be more opposite than the luxury and fashion of the West End and the degradation of St. Giles. It is true, also, that after night-fall the streets are thronged with vile, brazen-faced creatures, who hail every passer-by. But on the whole, I find more that is progressive and attractive in London, and less that is repulsive, than I had been led to expect. There is poverty and crime, but much of it, perhaps most, is caused by drink and improvidence. There seems to be no lack of work, though often poorly paid, for those who are willing to take it.



On the other hand, old streets are being rejuvenated, new buildings erected, and the city stretching its dominion farther and farther outwards. Macauley's famous observation respecting the time to come, when some contemplative New Zealander might sit on a broken arch of London Bridge, and gaze at the ruins of what was once London, never seemed farther from fulfilment than at this moment.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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LA BELLE FRANCE—PARISIAN SIGHTS AND SCENES—THE GAY METROPOLIS  
AS IT LOOKS AT THE PRESENT DAY—TRACES OF THE WAR—  
VERSAILLES AND ITS FLOWING FOUNTAINS.

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PARIS, June 4, 1873.

N Saturday morning, the last of May, as one of a personally-conducted party under charge of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, the great tourist managers of London, left for Paris, per Brighton Railway, for New Haven. Here we took steamer for Dieppe, on the coast of France, across that "strip of silver sea" famous for stirring up even those who have kept their sea-legs across the Atlantic. Either the devil is not so black as he is painted, or we had an unusually propitious trip; the sun was bright, and the English Channel comparatively smooth. Five or six hours of steady steaming brought us into the quaint harbor of Dieppe, on entering which we caught our first view of France. The prevailing Catholicism instantly impresses itself, in the shape of suspended Christs of wood on high fixtures on either side of the harbor passage. As we come near enough to throw our line, we are struck also with the jabbering vivacity of the natives. A cup of coffee at

the station eating-house, and we are off for Paris, about 120 miles by rail from Dieppe. The railway system here is much similar to the English, though the cars are not quite as good, the roadway less smooth, and the speed considerably slower. We pass Rouen, a fine city of 150,000, situated on the Seine, and are presently dashing through a portion of rural Gaul. In passing along you see white-capped dames; *gens d'armes* at the stations, with their rather baggy-looking costumes and white boot-lappets; neat gardens of flowers adjoining the stations. The Seine, which we keep in sight for some distance, is a bright, fairly rapid stream, about half as wide as the English Thames, but not so muddy. Most of the country hereabouts is well wooded, affording shelter to vineyards and fields.

We arrived at Paris about nine o'clock. The instant impression of the French capital is one of brightness and beauty, an impression which grows with subsequent acquaintance. The streets are wide, regular, tree-lined, excellently paved, clean, and lighted up at night with the effect of an illumination. Paris has many splendid hotels, the finest here (or, I believe, in the world) being the Grand Hotel. No one who visits Paris should fail to see it, and dine at least once at its *table d'hôte* or public dinner. The entrance is to an inner court of covered glass, which, with its huge flowering shrubs in pots, presents the appearance of a conservatory. Visitors are taken up or down by a steam elevator. The bed-rooms are furnished with electric bells, three-sprunged mattresses, canopy-curtained; marble mantelpieces, plate looking-glasses, bureaus, tables, vases, bronze clocks, sofa-chairs, rich carpets, wardrobes, and many little *et ceteras* calculated to promote comfort. But the *chef d'œuvre* is the superb dining-room. There is

nothing like it in any other hotel in Europe. In the full blaze of gaslight, snowy napkins, ranged like rows of miniature pyramids; its statues on the walls midway between floor and ceiling; its frescoes; its carving and minor ornamentation; its hundred-branched chandeliers reflecting themselves in the great mirrors—the picture is charming. The scene becomes brighter still as the well-dressed company occupy the chairs. At half-past six dinner is served. The *table d'hôte* is the great event, the “squarest meal” of the day. For a stranger the arrangement is much more convenient than attempting to make a waiter understand what you want. Each course (about a dozen in all) is brought on in turn. If you don't like it, you needn't eat much or any of it, and can wait for the next. But I must say this for French cookery, that dishes you have never even heard of are almost always palatable on first acquaintance. Everything is served, even at the commonest *cafes*, cleanly and daintily. Let no one be frightened at the number of courses at a *table d'hôte*. If there are many courses, they are mostly homœopathic in quantity. Let us take an actual bill of fare: (1) Soup; (2) fish, turbot and half a potato; (3) a slice of roast beef—enough for three or four good bites—with tomato accompaniment; (4) a small cut of ham, with green peas; (5) fowl, with water-cress and salads; (6) asparagus, with cream sauce; (7) ice-cream and cake; (8) strawberries; fruit, cheese, coffee, &c., make up several additional courses, *ad libitum*. Each person is furnished with a bottle of *vin ordinaire*—claret, or other light wine—without extra expense, as part of the regular fare. We are in a wine-growing country. There has long been a controversy as to whether drunkenness is rifest in wine-growing countries or where the grape is not cultivated. I shall keep on the alert for data bearing on this point. Meantime, candor compels me to say I have seen more open drunkenness in the United States and

Canada than I have seen on this side of the Atlantic, excepting England. There is little or no open drunkenness, so far as I have seen, in Paris; and I have heard no boisterousness at *table d'hôte*. These waiters are a study. Swallow-tailed coats; white shirt-fronts, white ties, white gloves; they are the best-dressed persons in the room. Like all the French, they are as immaculately polite as dexterous in movement. The etiquette seems to be, whenever it is possible, to present the viand with one hand, while the other is kept behind the back. *Table d'hôte* generally lasts about an hour. On the Continent there are but two main meals each day. From ten or eleven till one is the first substantial transaction of the kind; served in courses, with wine, and, while less ceremonious and varied, after all not far behind the dinner. Most persons, however, on getting up, take a cup of tea or coffee and a roll to keep them going till the regular breakfast. So much for eating customs on the Continent.

Next morning was Sunday. In taking a walk towards one of the churches early in the morning I sauntered into the Morgue, a place where bodies fished out of the Seine are exposed for recognition. It is rarely empty, and often contains the bodies of women who have decided to end a sad career with a plunge in the river. There were two bodies in this morning, both men. One was a fine-looking man, with a natural and almost pleasant expression. A few minutes' walk brought me to the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, an edifice of great size, and of a severe style of Gothic. I was in time to witness the entrance of a grand procession, including an Archbishop, and headed by several formidable-looking, gold-laced beadles. The music was chiefly Gregorian, the organ aided by immense violoncellos. Those who have seen Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal can form a good idea of the

general features of this church. The structure was begun in the twelfth century. Here, in 1793, was set up the Goddess of Reason ; here, in 1801, was crowned Napoleon the First ; here, in 1853, the late Emperor and Empress were married ; and here, recently, the Communists took the liberty of *stabling their horses* ! I next went into the Madeline, considered by many the most beautiful church in Paris. The shrines were decorated with fresh bouquets. The French carry their taste into their religion. It is said the people of France consist of two classes—Catholic and Atheist. It would be difficult to tell from their Sundays what they believe. I see no great difference between Sunday and Monday in Paris, except that on Sunday there are more well-dressed people on the streets. But they dress well on all days, and almost everybody seems to have time to saunter about ; to an outsider the workers seem to be a minority. Stores of various kinds are open on Sunday ; the bands play ; art galleries are open. *Galignani* (the English paper published here), of Saturday, had advertisements of a dog-show and several theatrical performances for the day following ; the French Derby was announced for Sunday—and altogether, things in Paris rather stagger the chronological reckoning of a stranger. Paris is a gay, fast capital. There is a whirl of pleasure here, interesting to stand apart and observe as a portion of the world's life, but which must be demoralizing to those English and Americans so fond of taking up permanent residence here. On pleasant evenings the sidewalks in front of the *cafes* are crowded with persons of both sexes, sitting around little white circular tables, smoking or sipping. In the windows of the art and photographic stores are pictures of the most voluptuous character ; people seem to think nothing of it. Yet, no one can deny that Paris has countless attractions of a legitimate kind. Its buildings are high, white and clean ; its parks and avenues, set out with

chairs and seats, are unequalled ; one leaves Paris with an enlarged idea of what money and taste can do to beautify a city. Louis Napoleon did wonders in this respect, for which, now that he is dead, he receives full credit. The besieging Prussians did something to mar the fine portions of this city ; but a section of the Parisians themselves—the Communists—in their mad frenzy, did more harm ten times over than the victorious Moltke. It is a pitiable sight, the destruction wrought in the Tuilleries and in various parts of the city by these crazy people. The vandalism of the Commune illustrates a phase of French excitability and instability, which it is to be feared will cause their future history to be as chequered as their past. Louis Napoleon—La Commune—Thiers—MacMahon—the kaleidoscope changes too quickly. To-day, Marshal MacMahon's proclamation, in large posters, meets the eye on every posting place. Whose will it be to-morrow ?

I had the good fortune to be in Paris during one of the few days in the year the hundreds of fountains at Versailles are in full play. The sight is the greatest of the sort in the world. It is impossible to describe adequately either the palace or the grounds. The former is full of statuary and paintings, costly cornices and frescoes, battle scenes, tapestries, &c. In the gardens fountains of various devices toss their spray ; cool paths lead hither and thither into green woods ; warriors and nymphs in choice marble meet the eye ; miniature lakes ; velvety lawns, bordered with flowers ; orange trees in huge vases. Luxurious Louis XIV. seems to have made it a study to lavish money effectively, to create a spot people might mistake for Paradise. The total circumference of the gardens of Versailles is fifty miles ; some forty or fifty millions of pounds sterling were here lavished. Versailles, not Paris, is the

present seat of the French Legislature. It is about fourteen miles out of Paris by rail.

On Tuesday four or five of us formed a small party to occupy the day in systematic sight-seeing. The forenoon was devoted to the Louvre. It makes one start to think that this splendid collection of statuary, paintings and antiquities only escaped destruction at the hands of the Communists by the timely arrival of the troops. In the galleries of the Louvre are paintings by Rubens, Tintoretto, Giordano, Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, and many masters ancient and modern. A very expressive figure shows a young girl, beautiful in death, about to be lowered into the grave by her lover or brother, and a monk. The former clings to her knees ; he cannot give her up. One by Reni, "Slaying the Dragon," brings out every muscle of the knight's body. How perfectly some of these painters must have studied the human form ; the same is true of the workers in marble ; indeed, I find it difficult to decide which strikes me as the most perfect, the statuary or the paintings. These old artists threw a great deal of meaning into their works. For the most part the subjects are Scriptural, or relating to war, or in perpetuation of the beauty of women. With regard to the latter, notably in painting, but more particularly in statuary, the wielders of brush and chisel seem to have thought with the poet, that "beauty unadorned's adorn'd the most." The masterpieces of art are of this description. No doubt there is a mock modesty as well as a real ; and there is force in the argument that true art was not designed to hand down to future generations mere fashion-plates of the period. Among the statuary at the Louvre is the celebrated Venus de Milo. The position is easy and graceful ; the left foot carelessly forward ; the form and face are perfect. It strikes even a tyro in art as something true and beautiful. A



deep knowledge of art is not gained in a day ; nor is it possible to stay to study every famous work ; but merely to walk through and look upon those triumphs of genius must have an unconscious educating influence.

In the afternoon we drove to the Hotel des Invalides, where is to be seen the imposing tomb of the great Napoleon. Paris is full of incitements to the pursuit of that phantom called military glory, by which France has been well nigh ruined. It is to be hoped the lesson of the recent war and the peaceful example of England will not be lost upon La Belle France. There are too many soldiers standing about on the streets. What a tax in blood and treasure the criminal ambition of vain man imposes ! Next to St. Chapelle—a church the main chapel of which is exclusively of stained glass. Then to the Pantheon (or Church of St. Genevieve), a large and handsome edifice, in the crypt of which lie Voltaire, Rousseau, and other eminent men. Is it not rather incongruous that Voltaire, who believed neither in church nor in God, should be enshrined in an edifice of this description ? From the tower of the Pantheon may be had a splendid map view of Paris, with the Seine winding through the centre. The Luxemburg Palace and Gardens came next on our list. More fountains, more orange trees, more paintings, more statuary. Our last place in the afternoon was the beautiful cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, where we stood by the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, about whose love and death romance is never tired of weaving sweet fancies. In some of the costly vaults of this cemetery candles are kept perpetually burning before pretty altars ; many of the tombs seem to be garlanded daily with fresh flowers.

There is not space on this sheet to tell of the Tuilleries Gardens ; the Place de la Concorde ; the Arc de Triomphe ; the Champs Elysees ; the Bastile Column ; the picturesque

petticoated Zouaves ; the bourgeois, with wooden shoes, cleaning the streets.

France is not a bad place to get along in if you have a friend at hand to interpret. There is ordinarily no difficulty, by repeating the name of the place you wish to be directed to, each time louder than the last, in making the polite Français understand what you mean. The main trouble is to understand his reply. My friend Van is immense at translation, and he may fairly hope some day to be nominated U. S. Minister to Paris. Going to Versailles the other day, however, his linguistic powers broke down, but this is regarded as only a temporary collapse. We wanted to know if we were on the right train for the fountains, and deputed Van to make the necessary inquiries in French or any tongue most convenient. Van couldn't make it out. To everything he observed the Frenchman would helplessly reply, "Oui, oui, monsieur, oui." Thereupon Van took to gestures, combined with exclamatory monosyllables: "Fountains!"—"Water!"—"PERSPIRATION!"—"AQUA!"—this last in a tone of thunder. At this critical juncture a gentleman came up who spoke both French and English fluently, and at once gave us the required information. Van won't acknowledge failure. He says another five minutes would have fetched him. To-morrow we leave for Turin and Florence.



## CHAPTER VII.

FROM FRANCE TO ITALY—THROUGH THE MT. CENIS TUNNEL—ITALIAN  
SCENERY AND CLIMATE—A FAIR AND WHAT WAS TO BE SEEN  
AT IT—TURIN, MILAN, FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, ITALY, June 10, 1873.

WE left Paris on Thursday at 8 a. m., travelling all night. During the day, a farewell drive in Paris, going first to the Bourse—a Bedlam worse even than Wall street. Then to Lubin's manufactory and store. The manager informed us 150 persons are employed in Paris in the manufacture of their scents, and 200 in Cannes. At the latter place they have extensive gardens, where the rose, orange-flower, jessamine, violet, tuberose and other flowers are largely cultivated. Now to the Bois de Boulogne, which, with its watered drives, shady walks and plashing cascades, is a delightful place. We left the beautiful city of Paris, wondering whether its loveliness could be matched elsewhere.

The cars in France are comfortable, and the roadway smooth ; but there is no chance in night travelling for a good stretch out. They have here no sleeping cars. About three a. m. (clear daylight), we stopped at Dijon long enough to get a bowl of soup. At the next station a lively old dame did a rushing business on the open platform, in affording bowls, water and towels, for a wash. For this service a few centimes were expected. The French currency is decimal and easily reckoned. Five centimes equal a Canadian cent ; and a franc, for practical purposes, is twenty cents. The Italian money is quite similar ; the lira is of the same value as the French franc.

The party is variously composed. Our "guide, philosopher and friend" is Mr. Jones, who talks French, Italian and

English with equal fluency. One of our party is the Rev. Josiah Tyler, missionary to the Zulus, at present taking a period of relaxation after exacting labors. Mr. Newhall is publisher of the *Youth's Companion*, Boston. Mr. B. J. Malden belongs to the lecturing staff of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, London. The law is represented in Mr. C. W. Seymour, of New York ; medicine sends Dr. Snow ; mercantile pursuits have given a furlough to a number, including Mr. E. F. Horton, Mobile, Alabama ; Mr. C. K. Amidon, Boston ; Mr. R. Clowser, of London, England ; Mr. J. G. Brewer, Brooklyn ; Mr. J. L. Vandusen, Rondout, New York, speaks for the druggists. Mr. Felix Campbell, an unassuming gentleman, hails from New York. Mr. W. H. Folwell, full of information and kindness of heart, infuses vivacity into whatever group he chances to enter. There are also the following : Mr. David Baker, New York ; Mrs. Dr. Snow ; D. Pratt Wright, Washington ; J. A. Foster, Spartanburg, South Carolina ; J. J. Boyd, Cleveland, Tennessee ; John Cameron, London, Canada ; Mrs. C. K. Amidon, Boston ; Mrs. A. B. Luscombe, North Kayham, Massachusetts ; H. W. Eaton, St. Stephens, New Brunswick ; W. Jackman, Dr. Langfitt, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania ; Mrs. Trask and Walter H. Trask, St. Louis ; Paul C. Cartledge, St. Louis ; Alfred Wood, Holmfirth, England ; T. M. Rogers, R. C. Rogers, Mrs. T. M. Rogers, Miss Rogers, Philadelphia ; E. B. Woodhead, Mrs. Woodhead, Huddersfield, England ; Mr. and Mrs. Price, Manchester, England. Altogether, the party is a pleasant one. England sends half-a-dozen representatives ; Canada, two. The United States representatives hail all the way from New England to the sunny South. The company includes seven or eight ladies.

We are now going through France in a southerly direction, towards Italy. Numerous vineyards strike the eye ; not unlike

hop yards, except that the vine-sticks are much shorter. Men are cutting hay at four o'clock in the morning. Hay is being cut at the date of this letter all over Italy, and the grain in many places is almost ready for the sickle. The farm-houses are quaint looking, roofed with half-circular red clay tiles; others with coarse shale slate. Attached to many of the houses is a sort of court and open upper loft, used for storing hay, fuel and provisions. For the early part of the journey after leaving Paris, the prospect is tame; but shortly before reaching Culoz we enter the valley of the Jura, when the views become bold and striking. For several miles the train skirts the shore of the mountain-guarded lake of Bourget. At a by-station we had a view of a French rural fair. Horses, donkeys, cows, calves, oxen, pigs—men, women, children—the women in their holiday finery; an infinite gabble. At this fair, and throughout southern France and Italy, I noticed that the hogs were long-tailed, long-eared, jug-mouthed, black, slender-looking animals. My friend Folwell undertook to find out the name of the breed. To that end he proceeded to interview a Frenchman on the train. First, he propounded his query in unvarnished English; secondly, introduced a few choice phrases in Franco-Italian English. The third attempt to indicate his meaning was in the way of expressive grunts; and as a *dernier resort* he rapidly made the annexed sketch, and



THE SKETCH.

handed it to the Frenchman. Precisely what the sickly smile that stole over the intelligent native's face at this last demon-

stration meant, I cannot take on myself to say ; but the attempt to elicit information proved temporarily a failure ; the Frenchman hastily got out at the next station.

We are now confronting the Alps—the boundary line between France and Italy. Looking at these lofty hills, one appreciates the gigantic nature of the Mont Cenis tunnel, which runs underneath, connecting the two countries. This boring through solid rock is seven and a-half miles in length, and cost over \$30,000,000, in a region where labor is cheap. It is twenty feet high, thirty-three feet wide. Boring operations were carried on from both sides, by means of engines worked by condensed air. So accurate and skilful was the engineering, that when the two borings met, on Christmas Day, 1871, there was not the deviation of a foot between them ! It took us a trifle over twenty-two minutes to get out of France and into Italy. Just beyond the tunnel, on the Italian side, along those fearful precipices, is the scene of the sufferings of the Waldenses. Between Paris and Turin are no fewer than forty-six tunnels, great and small, a fact which may give some idea of the mountainous nature of the route, and the difficulties of railway construction hereabouts. The railways here are run by the State. The taxpayers are patient, if not rich. The mountains are cultivated to the summit; occasionally you see a woman toiling up the steep with a basket of manure on her head.

Turin, reached in due time, was selected as a resting-place, *en route* south, rather than from its intrinsic interest, though that is considerable. A number of us, however, determined to occupy the day in an excursion to Milan. The run through the country is delightful. All the ploughing is done by white or cream-colored oxen, fine animals, with patient faces and large branching horns ; I have seen hardly half a dozen horses as yet in Italy. Some of the ploughs have a single handle

about fifteen or twenty feet long ; some have two little wheels in front. The usual wagons for farm service are two-wheeled. Those who have read and seen pictures of primitive agricultural implements, have only to come to Italy to see them in their glory. The farmers here and in Southern France have a habit of closely-trimming occasional trees, leaving only a palm-like tuft at the top. Little donkeys may be seen dragging vehicles ornamented with lazy-looking men. The meadows are rich and rank. We pass rice fields, in which, by artificial irrigation and dyked plots, the water is kept standing at about a foot in depth ; the rice fields are being weeded by picturesque groups of bare-legged boys and girls, sometimes thirty to forty in a group, clad in all imaginable colors. Mulberry groves are frequent ; in appearance much like an old apple-orchard cut off about five feet from the ground and sprouted afresh. These trees are cultivated simply for their leaves, on which the silkworm is fed. Here is Milan. Canadian railway authorities should see the splendid railway stations in Italy. The architecture is imposing, while many of them, in their decorations and wall-paintings, are art galleries. The railways of Italy are run on the block system—the principle of which is that no train is allowed to proceed until a telegram is received that the preceding train has left the preceding station. The distance from station to station is thus always kept between trains. With double track and the block system railway collisions are impossible. A word here about baggage. If you are foolish enough to bring large trunks you will regret it. Several of our party have lost trunks committed to the carefulness of baggage-men ; it is astonishing the capacity for stupidity exhibited by these people when thrown a little out of their ordinary routine. The only safe and satisfactory plan is to carry simply a valise, take it with you into the cars, and never lose sight of it or trust it to anybody.



At the pleasant hotel in Milan we were introduced to a staple of Italian fare—vermicelli and macaroni—served up variously. Not content with this, there is a curious imitation of macaroni in long, slender, hollow, pipe-stem sticks of bread, well-baked and brown. About a dozen are put down by your plate to break into the soup or to nibble at during the meal.

After dinner we sallied out to see the great cathedral and other attractions of Milan. The weather was just right. Thus far I have been agreeably disappointed in this respect. To hear some people talk, you would imagine Italy a second edition of the fiery furnace almost all the year round. From Mt. Cenis to Rome, and this is the tenth of June, the sun has been not warmer, and the breezes as cool and refreshing, as in Canada in the same month.

The Milan Cathedral, of Italian churches, is second in size only to St. Peter's, of Rome, but peerless as regards wealth of elaboration. The exterior view, taking in the main tower, 500 feet high, and the forest of statued pinnacles, is one the like of which is not to be seen elsewhere. The inside, unlike the outside, is severely simple ; it is divided into five naves by five rows of lofty pillars ; there are no chapels to mar the effect. The frescoed roof, the ebony work, the mosaic floor, the stained windows, the Scripture scenes in bas relief, the solid gold and silver vessels, the crypt, are worthy of examination. Those who have the mettle to scale the tower will be amply rewarded in the view to be enjoyed at that altitude. There are actually no fewer than about 40,000 marble statues in and about this cathedral, any one of which is a study. Work has been proceeding on this cathedral for 500 years, and is proceeding still. One of the curious things in this church is a statue of St. Bartholomew, who enjoys the reputation of having

been flayed. *His skin hangs behind him like a cloak!* A stranger idea in marble, or a more perfect study of anatomy, I have not seen. Women are kneeling at the shrines; others at confession; a poorly-clad man, with a bundle on his shoulder, enters and drops to pray. All are equal here.

Among other places of interest we visited the beautiful Arch of Triumph, near which was a company or two of Italian soldiers, apparently recruits, at drill. They wore a sort of linen undress uniform, with low-crowned black-glazed hats and flowing feathers; a dashing, careless look; a sort of cross in appearance between the brigand and the cavalier. The Italians have not quite so much vivacity, but quite as much politeness, as the French. My impression of the people throughout Northern and Central Italy is of a favorable kind. The Southerners I have yet to see.

One of the lions of Milan is the original of Leonardo de Vinci's familiar painting, "The Last Supper." It is painted on the wall of the Convent le Grazio. Time's effacing fingers have been at work, but it retains its main features and coloring. It is a proof of the power of this painting, that it is throughout the world the recognized representation of "The Last Supper." The moment chosen is when Christ announces his knowledge of the fact that one of the Twelve will betray Him. The anger of Peter, the looks of incredulity and inquiry on the faces of other disciples, the simulated calmness of Judas, the serenity and majesty of the Master, are wonderfully brought out.

Well deserving of a call is the Church of Allessandra. It is the richest in Milan. I had heard of the wealth of Italian churches, but was unprepared to see a pulpit actually built of slabs of agate, lapis lazuli, sapphire, ruby, and all manner of gems. The wealth of the Catholic churches of Italy is some-

thing enormous. The substance of the people for centuries has been diverted into them. What money is left is used up in palaces and standing armies. The people cannot be other than poor. As we stood admiring the exterior of the church, a flower-girl came up and inserted a nosegay into the button-hole of several of the party. You perceive, she makes a present of the roses, and you are expected to make her a present of a few centimes. We make our way now to the station, and in due time, with the Milan Cathedral photographed on our memories, arrive safely back at Turin.

Next morning, Sunday, a few of us, at ten o'clock, went into the Vaudois Protestant Church. The singing was grave and quiet, yet sweet. The sermon, in Italian, was on Christ for the sake of men becoming poor. At eleven o'clock attended Anglican service, under the auspices of the European and Colonial Missionary Society. It was very pleasant; the only lack was a little more life in the sermon of the young preacher. We were in time, after the benediction, to look in and hear the closing hymn of the French Protestant service. The tune was that usually sung to "Sun of my soul," but about twice as slow as usual in Canada. The Catholic churches of Turin are not specially interesting. Over the door of one I observed this inscription: *Indulgenze plenaria quotidiana perpetua*. Turin was lately the capital of Italy. Its splendid palace, open to the public, is occupied in part by Amadeus, ex-King of Spain. I had a good view of him as he drove, attended by a couple of scarlet postillions, and accompanied by his wife, along the principal street. He is a pleasant-looking young fellow, and seems to be popular with the people, whose cordial salutes he was kept busy returning. Along the banks of the river Po is the public promenade. The water on Sundays is covered with pleasure-boats. Light-hearted young fellows,

arm-in-arm, saunter along, singing snatches of operas. One odd thing I observed was a floating grist-mill, anchored in the stream, its motive wheels turned by the river current: not a bad wrinkle. On the other side of the river, on the top of a vine-clad hill, is situated a San Franciscan monastery. There are dormitories and cells, and courts for walking and contemplation. The rooms are barely furnished; each contains a few books and a crucifix. The San Franciscan monks wear a long, brown robe, white cord, beads, heads shaven at the crown, very long beards, skull caps, sandals alike in winter and summer. The good-natured father was very courteous, and apparently not a little amused, when our irrepressible Folwell insisted on taking a sketch of him.

From Turin to Bologna, half way to Florence, we found little to interest except the celebrated Bologna sausages. They are not bad to take inwardly; their diameter is about eight or ten inches. After leaving Bologna come more tunnels and fine scenery. The bells were striking six o'clock as we were ushered into our hotel in Florence. Bed-rooms stone-floored, the beds white-curtained all about. In the dusk of the evening saw two funerals. Four men carried a bier on their shoulders, followed by about a dozen others—all in long black robes, with black masks, and broad, low-crowned black hats. The sight was strange, as in perfect silence and measured tread the procession strode along. These persons belong to a lay society, the *Misericordia*, whose vows bind its members, when called on, in turn, to attend the sick and bury the dead, the expenses being defrayed by themselves. Some of the wealthiest men in Florence are members of the society. At Turin a funeral of a different sort took place. It was early in the morning; the corpse of a little girl was carried on napkins by four women, accompanied by a priest. A group of little girls, some dressed in green and some in blue, walked at either side chanting.

This morning left Florence for Rome. The slopes begin to wear a warmer look. All sorts of fruits here grow luxuriantly. The hill-sides are covered with vines. We pass the blue lake of Trasimeno. We observe old castles, ancient walls, arches of bridges, villas, bearing names notable for centuries. Ancient little towns are seen perched away up on mountain sides. We are on classic ground. We have crossed the yellow, muddy, and not very wide or impressive Tiber. We have passed the scene of one of Hannibal's victories gained 2,000 years ago. We cross a stretch of low meadowland; we see against the sky the outline of the dome of St. Peter's; we rapidly run through suburban fruit gardens; and we are in the City of the Cæsars—the most famous and interesting city in the world! My next will be devoted to impressions of Rome.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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THE ETERNAL CITY—WONDERS OF ART AND ARCHITECTURE—ROME AS  
IT IS—CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION—SQUALOR  
AND UNTHRIFTINESS.

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ROME, June 14, 1873.

WE are doing Rome under specially favorable circumstances. The objects of interest here are so numerous, and the *modus operandi* of obtaining admission in some cases so perplexing and difficult, that a stranger having but a few days in Rome would leave half of the Eternal City unseen. Mr. Cook's parties visiting Rome are taken in charge on arrival by Mr. Shakespeare Wood, the noted sculptor and archæologist, a most scholarly and accomplished gentleman. Mr. Wood has resided in Rome twenty years, and is

thoroughly up in the antiquities of the city. It is now obvious that alone we could not have seen and learned one-tenth as much as under Mr. Wood's guidance. Alone, at a large expense, we might have seen much, but not as intelligently. Our arrangements include carriage drives to places of interest before and after lunch, for five days, leaving one day, Sunday, to discretion. We start at 8 a. m., returning at noon. Then about 3 p. m. another start, finishing the work of the day in time for dinner at seven o'clock. The most convenient plan, therefore, in describing Rome, is to take all who read these letters along in our daily rambles.

On Wednesday morning (the day after arrival) our first visit was to the Palace of the Vatican. The Church of St. Peter's and the Vatican adjoin. St. Peter's is the most splendid structure ever erected for public worship. Its outside appearance, like that of Niagara Falls, is at first disappointing, particularly if the spectator is too near to take in the dome at the same time. It is always difficult at once to grasp the vast. This is more so if the parts of the object are in due proportion and harmony. Standing some distance off, so that the dome can take its proper place, there comes a growing grasp of Michael Angelo's grand conception. On either side, in front, gigantic colonnades seem to stretch their arms embracingly; long lines of marble steps lead up to the entrances; the vestibule is as large as most cathedrals. Inside, the grandeur of the church is more immediately impressive. It is rich in splendid altars, paintings, and banners; but its chief attraction consists in its majestic dimensions and beautiful simplicity. Everybody has read of St. Peter's; everybody has seen pictures of it; many know it is over 600 feet in length, 450 feet in width, and nearly 600 feet from the pavement to the cross; but no pen and ink description that I have read equals the reality as seen with the

living eye. On the frieze of the entablature on the great arches which sustain the dome, are these words in Latin : "THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH ; AND TO THEE WILL I GIVE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Our first visit was to the Sixtine Chapel of the Vatican, at the door of which, in yellow and something else, stood Swiss guards. In this chapel, quite moderate in size, the ceremonies of the Holy Week are celebrated ; it is here the Pope officiates in person on great occasions ; here the *Miserere* is sung ; in this chamber, during important ceremonies, the highest dignitaries in the world are glad to be content with standing-room. Ladies must be dressed entirely in black, and wear black veils ; gentlemen have to appear in full dress. The Sixtine Chapel has superlative attractions apart from its ceremonies. Here is to be seen Michael Angelo's celebrated picture, on the end wall, "The Last Judgment." In the centre is the Saviour, with the elect on His right hand, the condemned on His left. The saints view the awful scene, keeping close to their Lord. The graves are giving up their dead at the sound of angel-trumpets. In another part of the fresco, Charon is seen ferrying bodies over the Styx. The conception is powerful and moving. The ceiling is divided into a series of compartments containing representations of the separation of light from darkness ; the creation of the sun and moon ; the separation of the land from the sea ; the creation of Adam ; the creation of Eve ; the fall and expulsion from Paradise ; and the deluge.

We now pass on to the hall of the Immaculate Conception, containing a series of pictures illustrative of that dogma. In one picture is seen a figure of religion, from which an illuminating ray reaches the head of the Pope. In this and other galleries are gentlemen and ladies hard at work copying the great works of great painters.



In the picture gallery of the Vatican are two of the most celebrated pictures in the world—The Transfiguration, by Raphael ; and The Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino. The best part of The Transfiguration is that which shows the Saviour in a blaze of glory, with Moses and Elias and the three Apostles prostrate and overcome by the scene before them. Though this picture is over three hundred years old, the canvas is yet fresh and glowing. This was Raphael's last picture. He died at the age of thirty-seven, leaving behind him an ever-brightening fame. In these galleries, which I shall not tire by alluding to in detail, are numerous representations of virgins, crucifixions, angels, horrible martyrdoms of saints ; with occasionally a touch of the grotesque, as in Perugina's angels floating in the clouds playing violins. The very "old masters" seem to have dealt a good deal in impossible perspectives, *a la* Chinese ; and I have little desire to go farther back than the time of Raphael. A drive now to the Pantheon, built 1,900 years ago as a Roman hot-bath establishment, at present used as a church ; it is dusty-looking, but otherwise as stable to all appearance as ever. Raphael is here buried.

In driving through the streets we get glimpses of Roman life of to-day. Since Rome became the capital of Italy the Eternal City has taken on a comparatively modern air. New buildings are being erected and old ones altered. Protestantism is now perfectly free within the walls, and is without fear of molestation. Of course Rome is almost altogether Catholic. Of its 250,000 inhabitants, there are only 600 Italian Protestants ; the foreign Protestant population would number a few thousand additional. All of the remainder are by no means good Catholics. There is a vast amount of indifference, verging on infidelity, among the nominally Catholic throughout Italy. The total population of Italy is put down at 26,000,000 ;

Protestantism cannot claim more than say 25,000 adherents in the whole country. As is generally known, there is no love lost between Victor Immanuel and Pius IX. The bone of contention is the matter of the temporal power. The Ultramontane or high clerical party use the formula, "Pius IX., Pope and King." Victor Immanuel, Liberal Catholicism, and no doubt the bulk of the nation, have no objection to the supremacy of the Pope in spiritual matters, but admit no such powers in things temporal. In this they are right. The marriage of church and state has never been really a benefit to either party. Here in Rome we see the absurdity that there are in one city two courts, and two sets of ambassadors from foreign powers—one to the Italian Government, and one to the Court of the Vatican. It is the general impression that with the death of the present Pope this unnecessary state of affairs will come to a termination. At this writing, if the Italian journals speak truly, the health of His Holiness is somewhat improved. Since the occupation of Rome by Victor Immanuel, the venerable Pontiff persists in regarding himself as virtually a prisoner; seldom or never goes out, and takes part in few public ceremonies. In Rome there are two English Episcopalian preaching-places; one American Episcopalian; one Scotch Presbyterian; one American Presbyterian. There are also several Protestant Missions in the Italian tongue; there is an independent Italian Presbyterian congregation; and there is an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian mission to the Jews, of whom there are 5,000 in Rome. Rudimentary and evangelistic schools are conducted by Mr. Van Metre, Mrs. Gould (an American lady) and others. Schools are also connected with most of the above-mentioned churches. The chief trouble Protestants now have is to obtain suitable property on which to erect churches; difficulties are put in the way of its being procured at any price for such purposes. This

is a matter of some importance ; Italians, from their training, cannot be made to attach value or sacredness to a mere room. Protestantism, it will be seen from the foregoing facts, is but a grain of mustard-seed in this city, which will appear the more clearly when it is stated that there are in Rome 400 Catholic churches, and many thousands of priests, monks and nuns.

After lunch a drive to the Church of St. John Lateran, the oldest in Rome. Now to the church containing the Scala Sancta, or Sacred Stair. The steps were brought from Jerusalem by the mother of Constantine, and are said to have been Pilate's staircase, ascended and descended by the Saviour. No one is allowed to ascend it except on bended knee. Here for generations countless adherents of the Catholic Church have deemed it meritorious to ascend ; the steps have been greatly worn away—so much so, that the real steps are now partially encased in wood. One of our party, Mr. J. Price, of Manchester, ascended the stairs, though I am afraid rather more quickly, and with less meditation than is regarded as orthodox. This is the celebrated stair up which Luther was toiling when thoughts and resolutions were flashed into his mind which led to the Reformation. The Church of Maria Maggiore, next called at, is the church Pius IX. has selected for his tomb when he dies. A curious ceremony is here held once a year, some time in August. It is said that Pope Liberius dreamed that on a certain morning in August he would find a snow-fall on a spot named ; there he was to build a church. The morning came ; the miraculous fall of snow was there ; Liberius built the church. To commemorate the circumstance, white leaves once a year are strewn from the top of the dome, now in larger and now in smaller handfuls. As the leaves steal lazily downward, the imitation of falling snow, I am told by onlookers, is

really excellent. Let us now take a look in at the Church of St. Peter in Chains ; one of the statues here is Michael Angelo's " Moses." Twenty priests are chanting ; but there is no congregation. You can go into any of the Catholic churches on the Continent at almost any hour of the day ; all that is expected is that you take off your hat and behave with decorum. The church doors are protected by hanging screens, which you push aside to enter. This is to keep out the heat and the flies. In going along the streets you see the same thing with regard to the stores and restaurants. Speaking of refreshments, the lemonade fountains of Rome are a specialty. They stand in public squares, built up of marble or wood, with awnings above and about. Scrupulously clean, with oranges and lemons tastefully piled up, they look tempting. You go up, lay down a penny, and observe "*limonata* !" The young Roman lady picks up a lemon ; cuts it in two ; takes half and expresses the juice by an ingenious contrivance into a glass ; puts in sugar ; then fills the glass from a running spigot connected with the aqueduct, which brings the water for Roman use thirty-six miles. You see the whole operation, you have a refreshing draught, and you know you are getting a genuine article.

An early visit is always paid to the Coliseum—the old Roman amphitheatre so celebrated in connection with gladiatorial and wild beast combats. On one side its full height is preserved. The Coliseum was a huge circular building, erected for the amusement of the Roman people some 1800 years ago. It was an enormous edifice, affording sitting room for 87,000 people, standing room for 20,000 more. There were eighty arched entrances leading up to the four tiers of seats, which rose one above the other. From every part of the amphitheatre an equally good view of the sanguinary sports of the pit was

obtainable. The gigantic effect of the interior view can be best grasped by imagining the terraced slopes of a lofty hill. Above the highest part of the wall, on public occasions, was stretched, on masts sixty feet higher still, great awnings. The scene in the palmy days of Rome—the adjoining fountains playing, 100,000 applauding people in the galleries of the amphitheatre, and an exciting contest in progress in the arena below—must have been of a most stirring character. Here gladiators were accustomed to fight each other; here thousands of Christians were torn to pieces by wild beasts to afford amusement for the populace. The site of this stupendous work—the most colossal place of amusement ever erected—was originally marsh land; yet engineering and architectural genius triumphed over all obstacles.

We have been specially favored in being in Rome on the anniversary of *Corpus Christi*, one of the great *fetes* of the Catholic Church. Thursday morning found us *en route* to St. Peter's to witness the ceremonies. The first thing that arrested attention in sauntering about the church was the people kissing the toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter. The usual method was to incline the head slightly, kiss the toe, then with hand or handkerchief wipe it for the next comer. I went up to within touching distance, and observed that the toe had actually been worn away considerably by the osculations of generations. All sorts of operations seemed to be going on in the church at once. At one shrine a woman was kneeling in meditation; at a box a priest was giving out some sort of paper. Women were at confession (I have not yet seen a man in the box). The confessional boxes have three openings. In the centre sits the priest. A small wicket opens to the adjoining box. To this aperture the priest turns his ear to hear the confession. At other boxes men were receiving chastisement

—a sort of voluntary confession that they deserve punishment. They kneel down for a moment before the box ; the priest gently touches them with a slender rod ; they rise and pass on. Crowds of people are promenading up and down as if they were in a public park. Here are the Italian upper-ten, the ladies wearing long lace veils ; the women of the middle-class with linen and colored textures folded in squares on their heads. Here you also see filth and beggary. Give those cut-throat looking fellows a wide berth, both for the sake of cleanliness, and for the sake of your pockets ! Presently a stream of people in one direction indicates that at yonder side altar high mass is about to be celebrated, previous to the procession around the church. It is a sung mass ; the music by Palestrina. The choir consists of eight persons. I have never heard as fine music. The organ-playing was masterly. The bass and tenor soloists possessed wonderful voices. I was at first puzzled about the treble and alto. Knowing women are not allowed to sing in the Papal choirs, I could not understand it. Soon, however, I located the treble in the male singer on the conductor's right, and near him the alto. The treble might be about forty-five years old, and the alto, say thirty-five. The voice of the former was powerful, and of great range in the high notes, but slightly metallic in tone ; the latter very sweet. The voices of these male trebles have never broken from their childhood. They are said to be eunuchs. The mass has concluded ; the procession is now approaching. First comes a framework, on which is a bell rung at intervals of half a minute to apprise all of what is near ; next, a large golden canopy ; next, a great banner, pictured on either side and steadied by four cords in the hands of four priests ; next, a huge wooden cross, say fifteen feet high, entwined in olive leaves ; next, the choir, accompanied distantly and softly on the organ ; next, a long procession of priests and surpliced boys, bearing candles ;

the priests reading lessons in a low tone from the open books in their hands ; then a number of dignitaries ; and now the grand canopy containing the host, the post of honor being occupied by Cardinal Boromeo. As the consecrated wafer passed by the devout fell on their knees—priests, men, women, children.

Our next stopping-place was the Capitoline Museum of statuary. Here is the Dying Gladiator ; and here the equally celebrated Venus coming from the bath, by Praxiteles. There are three famous Venuses in Europe : the Venus de Milo, in the Louvre, Paris ; the Capitoline Venus, Rome ; and the Venus de Medici at Florence. I have seen the two first mentioned, and hope shortly to see the third. The Mamerti Prison, next reached, is noted as the prison in which Peter and Paul are said, and no doubt with truth, to have been confined. The gloomy depths are descended with lighted tapers. A few steps down you see on the wall an indentation, said to have been made by St. Peter's head ; and in the prison cell you may take a sip from the well Peter caused miraculously to spring forth in the centre of the dungeon. Rome is full of traditions of this description. Now to lunch. Ancient history, tradition, art, have all to give way at certain times before the necessity for beefsteak and potatoes.

In the afternoon we witnessed a somewhat grotesque sight in the mortuary chapel of the Capuchin Monastery ; the mortal relics of 4,000 monks. Skulls and large bones piled upon pyramids and squares ; the smaller bones arranged like the weapons in the London Tower, in forms of flowers and flower-baskets. The rest of the afternoon was spent among the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, on the Palatine, one of the seven hills of Rome. This hill was the site of the original city, as founded by Romulus ; the other hills, as time rolled on,



were gradually included. These gigantic ruins and rich remains give one an enlarged idea of the wealth and power, the architectural skill and taste, of the ancient mistress of the world.


The next forenoon found us at the baths of Caracalla. On our way we had a sight of some mountaineers lounging in front of a wine shop, with their odd-looking goat-hair leggings. We passed fertile gardens, with fig trees well fruited, but not yet ripe. The baths of Caracalla were 700 feet long and 500 feet wide ; there were eleven such in Rome. They were designed for a system much similar to that of the Turkish bath ; preliminary hot vapor perspirings, followed by gradual cooling. Surrounding the baths proper were pleasure-gardens for the people, each side of the whole establishment being about a quarter of a mile long. The floors which remain are of beautiful mosaic patterns ; one can form an idea from what is left of what must have been the richness of the original. The idea of the Roman rulers who flourished eighteen or twenty centuries ago seems to have been much similar to that of Napoleon III. : to keep the people amused—to keep them from thinking. Everybody has heard of the structure before which we now stop—the Temple of Vesta, where vestal fires were kept burning ; it was built about 100 years after Christ. And Macaulay, in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, has rendered familiar to the imagination our next sight—the place on the Tiber where

Horatius kept the bridge,  
In the brave days of old.

From the house of Rienzi we go to the Theatre of Marcellus, a huge circular building, the basement of which is now let out for dirty little shops. Right here is the fish market ; eels chiefly displayed ; a vile smell ; a great deal of gesticulation ;

groups of wondering idlers ; armies of flies. We went upstairs into one of the houses ; the mother seemed to have quite a little colony of dirty children ; on the wall hung a faded picture of the Virgin ; very little cleanliness or comfort. It is a pity the ancient baths we have been visiting were not available for Romans of a considerably later date.

About three o'clock Mr. Wood conducted us to the Museum of the Vatican. Various mosaics ; urns and vases ; statues, with glass eyes as well as without (I prefer them without) ; fountains ; sarcophagi ; variegated marbles ; many masterpieces of statuary. This is the Apollo Belvidere, recognized as the most perfect specimen of statuary in the world. The attitude is light, springing, airy ; the face is full of majesty. The Laocoon is another great work—the father, on either side a son, encircled in the fatal folds of two snakes. The despairing expression of the Laocoon's face, and the straining agony of every muscle, are admirably brought out. After leaving the Vatican, our third day was crowned by an inspection of the Church of St. Paul's. It is outside the gates, a mile or two in the suburbs. Second in size of churches in Rome, and not equal, it is true, to St. Peter's in vastness and grandeur, its richness and splendor cannot be described. Different kings have contributed to make it as magnificent as possible. No one should leave Rome without seeing it.



## CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER RAMBLES THROUGH ROME—THE JESUIT HEADQUARTERS—ST.  
STEPHEN'S AND ITS PICTORIAL HORRORS—THE CATACOMBS—  
TO NAPLES AND POMPEII.

ROME, June 10, 1873.

MY last letter conducted my readers to the evening of our third day in Rome. On Saturday morning, to commence again, the first place called at was the Church (and underneath it the house) of St. Clement, whose name is mentioned in the New Testament as being written in the Book of Life. The place was already well authenticated, but recent excavations have made assurance doubly sure. In this old house Clement ministered to the wants of his poorer Christian brethren, and here received St. Paul as his guest. A pleasant hour was subsequently spent among the ruins of the Golden House of Nero, so called on account of the splendor of its decorations; followed by a call at the Church of the Gesu. This church, and the buildings connected with it, constitute the headquarters of the Jesuits, that powerful and mysterious company whose subtle organization permeates the world. There is here a fine statue of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order. In this church, during Holy Week and other important occasions, fiery sermons are preached against Victor Immanuel and against Liberalism of every description. It not unfrequently happens that the young men of the clerical or Ultramontane party, coming out of the church inflamed by the politico-religious harangues to which they have listened, hiss or are hissed by the young men of the Liberal or Victor Immanuel party. Result: fisticuffs before the doors of the church. We gain admission to the private palace and picture gallery of

Prince Colonna. It is from the private collections of these princely galleries that many of the works of art which adorn the great European collections have been procured ; the impetuosity of the owners compelling them to sell. Similar, no doubt, is the *raison d'être* of a portion of the Colonna Palace being now rented to the French representative at Rome. The galleries are rich in ornamentation, statuary and pictures. One curious and valued old picture represents a dragon-shaped devil trying to take away a child from its agonized mother. She, piteously and anxiously, yet expectantly, looks to the Virgin for succor. The Virgin has just hit the devil with the rod in her hand, drawing the blood ; the devil is evidently getting ready to leave. On arriving for lunch, most of the party found letters awaiting—a treat to the recipients, their friends may rest assured. Without English papers, and in a strange land, we lose track of the news as completely as if we were at sea ; now and then we actually hear some one inquiring the day of the week or month !

In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Shakespeare Wood, I paid a brief visit to the Chamber of Deputies or Italian Parliament. The members were voting as we entered. On important questions the voting is secret, as follows : In front of the President's chair are ten glass vases ; each member, as called, passes by and deposits either a white or a black bean in one of the vases. In unimportant matters the vote is taken openly, each member answering Yea or Nay. The Italian Parliament consists of 508 members, of which number the city of Rome sends six, and the province of Rome nine members. The ordinary duration of the Parliament, unless interrupted by a forced dissolution, is five years. The chamber was draped in black on account of the recent death of Ratazzi, the late leader of the Opposition. The chamber is dome-like in form.

At one end, facing the circular rows of seats, sit the President and the clerks. Immediately under the President's seat, on the floor, are the Ministers, facing and partly surrounded by the other members. I never before understood thoroughly the meaning of the expressions, "Right Centre," "The Left," &c. The seats are cut up into ten long rows, radiating outwardly from the President's seat. The two outside rows to the right of the Prime Minister constitute the Right—"thick-and-thin" supporters of the Government. The adjoining two rows are occupied by the Right Centre—independent supporters of the Government; they generally "vote right," but are liable occasionally to bolt. Crossing to the opposite side, the two outer rows on the left of the Government oppose everything, right or wrong, emanating from the treasury benches; this is the Left. The two next rows, the Left Centre, act generally with the Opposition, but reserve the right of voting with the Government on individual measures. Two middle rows remain unaccounted for. These are occupied by the Centre—members who profess entire freedom from party trammels, voting on every question on its merits.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in examining the splendid ruins of the Forum—the most classical spot of this classical city—the scene of many a rousing oration. It was a strange sensation to stand on the precise spot where Mark Antony delivered his declamatory eulogy over the dead body of Cæsar. In the evening I was agreeably surprised to meet Mr. J. B. Sutherland (of my own city), with whom I had the pleasure of spending most of next day, Sunday. At ten a. m. we heard some fine singing at St. Peter's; at eleven attended a pleasant *impromptu* Protestant service in the large parlor of Mr. Van Meter's house. Mr. Van Meter has not yet returned, but Mrs. and Miss Van Meter made all present feel much at ease; ser-

vice was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Tyler, of our party, assisted by two American ministers staying at the Hotel D'Allemagne. We took a walk again to the Scala Sancta, or Sacred Stair, and were rewarded by seeing quite a dozen persons of different sex and age working upwards, who paused now and then to kiss certain portions of the stair.

On Sunday evenings in Rome nearly everybody and his wife, including the King, are to be seen on the public promenade. Two and one-horse carriages; swells, male and female; people on foot; women with babies in arms; young gentlemen with surprisingly precise Italian mustachios; paterfamilias strolling along holding a couple of children by hand. The crowd is good-natured, and much in appearance like a crowd in any American city. Some are out to see, some to be seen; all to enjoy the cool air. A good sprinkling of priests, with their broad hats. Of the women, the humbler are mostly swarthy and dark; the "carriage people" include many beautiful and beautifully-dressed representatives of the fair sex.

Our sixth and last day in Rome was commenced by a visit to Paul's hired house, now the basement of a church. We descended to the vaulted chamber in which one of the noblest men that ever trod the earth for some time dwelt. Here is to be seen the original well from which many a time the Apostle must have quenched his thirst. Once a year some of the water of this well is exposed, and devout Catholics come from far and near to wet their handkerchiefs in the sacred liquid. I would not like to certify to the spiritually-effective powers of the waters thus prized; but there is no room for doubt that this is the veritable "hired house" of St. Paul. The names of the two streets at the intersection of which it is situated—in the very heart of the city—are on record, and these streets have to this day retained their original names.

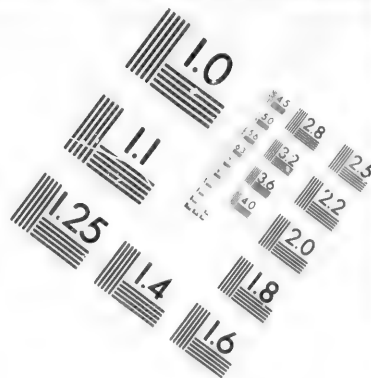
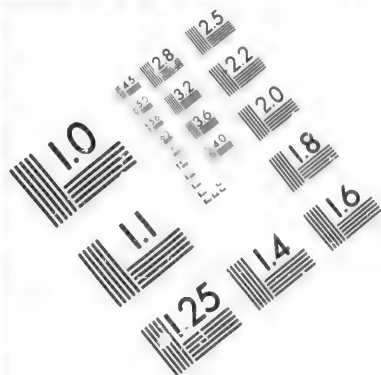
One of the extraordinary places in Rome is the Church of St. Stephen. All Catholic churches are more or less marked by suspended and bleeding Christs and martyred saints, but the wall paintings in the circular chamber of St. Stephen's—low enough down to impress themselves fully on the onlooker—make up a chamber of horrors calculated to stagger a person of weak nerves. Here are pictures representing the persecutions of the early Christians. They include the stoning of Stephen ; the crucifixion of Peter, head downwards ; the burning of some ; Christians, covered by skins, devoured by dogs ; St. John in a cauldron of burning oil ; St. Denis walking after his head has been cut off ; some being put into a bronze bull, under which is placed a hot fire ; others, tied to trees, beaten to death with sticks ; St. Margaret's flesh torn off with rakes ; virgins having their breasts cut off ; women having their teeth pulled out ; some being fried on gridirons ; some chopped into pieces ; some having boiling lead poured over them ! Such horribly realistic paintings I never saw before. Let us not, however, be too ready to throw stones, even at the ancient Pagans. There have been persecutions not much less terrible, if not actually the same in form, by those calling themselves Christians, even in this very city. Nor is it wise for Protestantism as a whole, or for any separate denomination, to be too boastful. Just as Cavalier and Puritan alternately persecuted, so has almost every denomination—every professedly religious body—when it has had the power, been arrogant and persecuting. The fact is, there is good in greater or less proportion in all religious bodies ; perfection in none. The page of history, if it is to teach anything, ought to teach the members of every denomination both humility and charity. An illustration is to hand, in connection with the life of Trajan, whose great forum and splendid column we have been visiting. One pleasant day, after he embraced Christianity, he promulgated



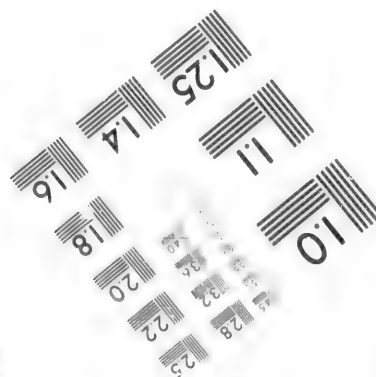
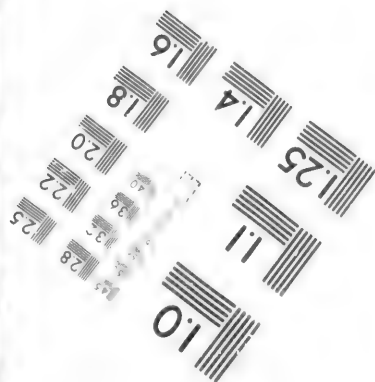
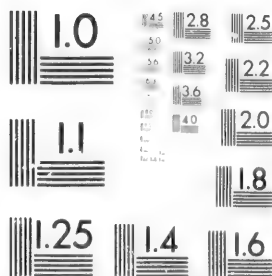
a decree putting a stop to all persecutions, and allowing the free practice of the rites of the Christian religion. The forum was crowded. For a moment after the reading of the decree a dead silence prevailed. The Pagans looked blankly at each other. What did the Christians do? Five minutes after their release from the dire persecutions of 300 years, they were clamoring for the persecution of all who would not instantly accept *their* religious views and opinions! Alas, poor human nature, in every day the same! Nothing but a very real and individual religion is worthy of being called by the name.

In driving along I have been struck with the neat air and splendid physique of the regular Italian soldiers. In every respect they look better than the French. It is by no means impossible they may some day have the opportunity of testing their metal face to face. A change of government in France in the direction of Ultramontanism—a cry of “On to Rome!”—and an attempt to dispossess Victor Immanuel in favor of the Pope’s temporal power, would inevitably result in war. If this ever comes to pass, the French will be as soundly thrashed as at Sedan. The French have long plumed themselves on being the greatest military nation of the world; they have falsified history to suit the credulity of their ignorant masses; they allowed Great Britain to do the hard work of the Crimea, while they took the glory. They have encouraged the idea that one Frenchman is equal to two of any other people. Their great military successes in the past were really due to the rise of an extraordinary military genius in the First Napoleon. Had Napoleon been in charge of any other armies, he would in all probability have led *them* on to victory instead of the French.

An impression is current in many quarters that Rome is a very unhealthy place, especially in summer. This is a miscon-



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ception. The early part of June is about as pleasant a time as one could select in which to come to the Eternal City. From the comparative statistics carefully prepared every week by the government, I find that the mortality last week in New York was thirty-one per one thousand, while that of Rome was twenty-seven. It may interest some to be informed, from the same document, that in Rome last week the births were one hundred and thirty-three, the marriages thirty-one, and the deaths one hundred and fifty-eight. With regard to the slight disparity of births, it must be remembered that the population of 244,000 includes a very large number of celibates, and at present a considerable number of outside workmen whose homes are elsewhere. Then the deaths are always surer to be known than the births. So that most of the talk about the unhealthiness of Rome may be set down as a fallacy that needs to be exploded.

Our last afternoon's drive was to the Catacombs, situated along the famous Appian Way. The Appian Way would present simply the appearance of a stone-walled country road, fringed on either side by grass and flowers, were it not for the remains of tombs for many miles, and the entrances to the Catacombs. The Catacombs, as is well known—originally long quarries where red earth for cement was obtained—were used as Christian burial places. The Christians, averse to the Pagan practice of burying the dead, took possession of these places as cemeteries. All the early Christians from the first to the third century were interred in these rocky shelves scooped out for the purpose. The Catacombs in times of persecution were used as places of refuge and worship. Some of the wealthier Christians had villas in the suburbs of Rome (all the Catacombs are outside the city); from these villas the Christians, when closely pressed, effected an entrance to the

Catacombs—the place of entrance being carefully concealed. We descended into the gloomy depths of the subterranean city, each holding a lighted taper. It is necessary to keep close in file after the guide. The turns in the narrow streets are so sharp and numerous that it is very easy for one to get lost. There are few if any remains here. The stone coffins, the inscriptions on the important tombs, and the bones, have been nearly all carried off to the churches. The ramifications of these Catacomb streets are many hundred of miles in extent. We felt relieved when we left the ghostly city and were up once more into the blessed sunlight, where we could hear the birds singing and see the cattle peacefully grazing in the meadows overhead.

We leave Rome this afternoon for Naples and Pompeii. Thanks to the scholarship and courtesy of Mr. Shakespeare Wood, we have seen Rome very thoroughly for the time at our disposal. We leave with enlarged ideas of the power, the engineering skill, the taste of the old Romans, and yet, we trust, not unmindful of the obvious lesson of these splendid but crumbling monuments.

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## CHAPTER X.

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SCENIC BEAUTIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY—AMID THE RUINS OF POMPEII—

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS—HOW IT IS ACCOMPLISHED—

ITALIAN LABORERS.

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NAPLES, June 21, 1873.

TO Naples, from Rome, leaving about two p. m., arriving about nine p. m. Weather warm, but by no means oppressive. Harvesting is now general; we see groups of men, women and children, in all stages of nudity, at work

digging potatoes. Getting further southward the fruitful nature of the soil becomes more and more apparent. Vineyards on the sides of sunward slopes ; olive groves ; pomegranates, figs, lemons, oranges, wonderfully large blackberries. On the way to our hotel, several miles from the station, we soon become aware that we are in a large city. The population of Naples is 500,000 ; it is the most populous place in Italy. Long lines of gas-lights, wide streets, houses seven and eight stories high, with ornamented balconies projecting from each story ; innumerable lemonade and fruit stands ; crowds of evening promenaders on the streets. Bright fires, on a sort of iron framework on the sidewalks, are boiling macaroni and potatoes, these viands being exposed for sale steaming hot at all hours of the day and night. As we wind about the bay, the gas lamps reflect themselves in the clear water. The cool bedrooms in the Hotel D'Etrangers are floored with mosaic-patterned, glazed crockery tiles. Under my window could be heard street musicians ; two guitars, a flute, and a fine tenor voice. For music as good as this people beyond the Atlantic are allowed to pay high prices—"reserved seats extra." The Italians beat the world for street music, whether in the form of instrumental selections or ballads. They sing in the harvest fields, they sing driving their donkey carts, they sing everywhere. At six o'clock next morning, throwing open the window, carpenters were seen at work on the quay opposite ; soldiers were being drilled ; already two beggars were posted on the street awaiting the chance of a few centimes. From my window spread out a pleasant prospect of the Bay of Naples ; and before me, a few miles distant, Mount Vesuvius. Taking a walk before breakfast, a few minutes were whiled away by the notices hung up in the inner court of the hotel. Among them the card of a hotel in Athens—no great distance from this point ; also announcements of Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Greek Church

services. In Italian hotels the names of visitors are hung up, with the number of the room attached, in a public place in the court. These high buildings—some yellow, some light brown, mostly white—are many of them ornamented with large iron stove-pipes running up the outside ; the architectural effect is not improved. Naples was formerly the Bourbon headquarters. In this city Virgil wrote much of his poetry. Here is performed annually the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius ; and frequently throughout the year occur brilliant church festivals. Under the present Italian Government, Naples, like Rome, shows some signs of reviving life ; but the bulk of the people seem to have few aspirations beyond the necessities and pleasures of the moment. The position of Naples on the Mediterranean is all any energetic community could desire ; yet the commerce of the place amounts to little. The interest in Naples consists mainly in the beautiful bay on which it is situated, and in the fact that from it Pompeii and Vesuvius can most conveniently be visited. It is noted for beggary and vice.

At 8:30 our whole party set out in carriages for Pompeii, about twelve miles distant, intending to "do" Vesuvius later in the day on the way back. Pompeii may be also reached by rail in a short time and at a trifling expense. I took a seat in front with the driver, and had a good opportunity in passing through the crowded streets to observe what was going on. Everywhere in Italy you notice little donkeys bearing heavily-laden panniers of vegetables, fruit, grass, &c. The donkey is everywhere one of the most useful and ill-used of animals. It is rather amusing to see their drivers walk behind and steer them by the tail. Occasionally you meet a man and his boy doing a street business on co-operative principles ; the boy does the carrying and the man the shouting. Naples swarms



with beggars, though this characteristic, like other things about Italy, has been over-colored. There are many deformed people on the streets, whose malformations are painful to look upon. In front of some of the shops are long lines of macaroni hung out to dry and for sale. The street pavement of Naples is of stone blocks, laid diagonally, and fitted closely together like a marble floor. The horses are shod for these hard streets with flat, corkless shoes, extending about half an inch all around in front of the hoof. Occasionally you meet a donkey and an ox hitched together—the driver very likely asleep; sometimes you see an ox in the middle, with a little horse on each side, three abreast. I cannot say the common people of Naples are tidy in personal appearance. They seem to have leisure to lounge on doorsteps and sidewalks; yet with it all they seem to be too hurried ever to wash themselves. Perhaps if some of those fat priests led off in the matter of cleanliness, the example might be contagious.

Before reaching our destination it may be useful to briefly recall the circumstances which account for the pathetic interest which the name of Pompeii has long evoked in every part of the world. Pompeii was a snug little city of 25,000 inhabitants, with its forum, temples, colonnades, theatres, and handsome villas, all complete. It was a favorite resort for Romans of the wealthier classes; and there is reason to believe it was noted for gay profligacy. In the year 63 A. D. an earthquake took place, by which the greater part of Pompeii was destroyed. It was re-erected in better style than ever. About sixteen years later, on the 24th of August, in the year 79, the people were perplexed and terrified by a dense shower of ashes from Vesuvius, which continued falling until streets and houses were covered to the depth of many feet. Most of the inhabitants made good their escape. Some, who may have been

sick ; others, who perhaps were paralyzed with fear and uncertainty as to the best course to adopt ; some who may have returned to rescue their valuables, were overwhelmed by the awful visitation. The wooden roofs of the houses were broken in or set on fire. For seventeen hundred years Pompeii lay hidden. In 1748 the discovery of statues and bronze utensils by a peasant attracted attention. Excavations were commenced, which have been continued more or less ever since, and are still in progress. About two-thirds of the city have been now brought to light. The life and manners, the mode of existence, the amusements, the occupations, utensils, food, ornaments—were all found pictured in the lava-mould, which had faithfully preserved its trust for seventeen centuries. We wander among the ruins, recalling the past, and picturing the confusion and terror of that August summer day. This was the pleasant suburban villa of Diomedæ : narrow corridors ; low roofs ; inner-court ; the bedrooms in all Pompeian houses were small. In the wine-cellar, which had been fled to for refuge, seventeen skeletons were found. Remains of marble temples ; beautiful mosaic-worked fountains ; and buildings marked by signs of various kinds, meet the eye on every hand. Some of these signs are not suitable for description ; the same may be said of some of the bright wall frescoes. Many of the most interesting remains of Pompeii have been deposited in the museum at Naples to preserve them. In the small museum at Pompeii is the skeleton of a young girl, as she fell with her handkerchief at her mouth. Another woman had two gold rings on her hand. Here is the negro slave, whose skeleton was exhumed only a few months ago ; he had a number of pieces of gold in his hand. Among the remains is a loaf of bread, now black and charred, but retaining its shape ; also a plate of grapes perfect in form. Yonder is the sentry-box of the faithful Roman soldier, who would not leave

his post without orders though the heavens fell. The narrow streets of Pompeii were paved with large stones, on which are to be seen the ruts of carriage wheels. Among the noticeable features of Pompeii, and indeed of all Roman remains of the same period, are the frescoes. The colors are bright, brilliant, and fadeless; they are as fresh to-day as they were 2,000 years ago; nothing could exceed the grace and beauty of many of the designs. Thackeray generously and truly says in his "Newcomes" that no better guide-book of Pompeii, and no better delineation of Pompeian life, has ever been published than "The Last Days of Pompeii," by the late Lord Lytton. It is the most natural thing in the world, in strolling through these silent streets, to people them with Diomede and Giaucus, Ione and Nyada, Arbaces, the Egyptian, and all the amusement-loving throng who walked its pavements.

After lunch at the restaurant close by Pompeii, to the accompaniment of harp and violin, we drove to Resina (partially built on the site of Herculaneum), the starting point for the ascent of Vesuvius. Only one lady, Mrs. Snow, decided to go up. A number of gentlemen also declined to face the climb. From this point the time of going and coming is about seven hours. Except the last hour's climb, the journey is performed on ponies. Some had little horses; a donkey fell to my lot. My experience is that it is a waste of time to endeavor to hurry a donkey up hill. The scene, as we started out, was of the most amusing character. Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is largely made up of caricature; but his description of the ascent of Vesuvius is not in the least exaggerated. The long legs of some of our horsemen dangled nearly to the ground; one equestrian was discovered with a long stick in one hand, a raised umbrella over his shoulder in the other, and a switch for the donkey between his teeth. About one

hundred natives ran behind proffering their services. They yelled; offered the loan of walking sticks for half a franc; volunteered to lead the horses; unintermittently whacked the animals, to an explosive exclamation something like "Ah!" "Ah!" "Ah!"—a sort of equivalent for "G'lang!" But their chief peculiarity was their theory, backed by practice, that the best way to help a mule along is to hang on to his tail. Under pretence of twisting the animal's caudal appendage and thereby promoting locomotion, they are really getting a ride up hill. Foster didn't seem to believe in that system; it was an inspiration to hear him shout "*Leave go of that tail!*" Our procession moves upward, through fertile vineyards, until we reach the "Hermitage," half-way up, a small tavern where you can take a rest, give a breathing space to your steed, and, if you like, indulge in the celebrated "Lachrymæ Christi" of the neighborhood. For half an hour longer we ride upward, through strange-looking, wave-like fields of lava, black as jet. We have now been two hours and a-half in the ascent; this is as far as the mules can go; the remaining hour's climb to the summit must be done on foot. There are several ways of easing the ascent. You can be carried up bodily, or you can take hold of the strap so persistently offered by the guide. As the cone is steep, and the rays of the sun on the mountain-side telling, the grip of a strap is quite a comfort. The picture of the climbers would be worth printing. Unfortunately, our artist was absorbed in holding on to a strap at the moment the pageant was most imposing. Folwell finally appeared at the top in triumph, on the shoulders of his guide. Clowser, the jolly Briton, went up in state—one guide pulling, another behind pushing. Even when assisted, tramping through the loose pumice stone is hard work, and all were glad enough when the top was reached. The view from this elevation, nearly 5,000 feet, of the surrounding country, was in itself no

mean compensation for our toil. In various directions lie Pompeii, Herculaneum and Naples ; fruit gardens and grape trellises enliven the slopes and valleys ; mountains, purpled by distance, contrast their beauty with the Bay of Naples and the Mediterranean. It is the orthodox thing up here to cook an egg in the hot sand, a performance duly carried out. The view of the crater has often been depicted, but there is nothing like seeing it. The upper part of the huge bowl-like rim is frescoed with sulphuric exhalations in many colors. Below this the chasm shoots suddenly and perpendicularly downward to a depth so profound that you shudder to look into it. The mountain being "in labor," vast volumes of smoke and sulphurous vapor rolled upward, presenting the appearance, visible for many miles, of a pillar of cloud. The mountain, after having been quiet for several years, has lately become again active. Last year an eruption of lava took place, and a short time previously a shower of ashes to the depth of several inches caused the people of Naples to fear the fate of Pompeii. That Naples may some day be overwhelmed in like manner is by no means unlikely. The ascent of Vesuvius is not dangerous if ordinary caution is used. It is not well to venture too near the brittle and loose edge of the cup. Not long ago, a young German in this way lost his life. Many theories have been advanced to explain these volcanic phenomena. The simple solution is generally accepted, that the molten masses supposed to exist in the interior of the earth in some way come into contact with water from the sea. Humboldt long ago pointed out that all the active volcanoes of the earth are close to the sea. The steam and smoke and gases, as in a boiler, must have vent. Vesuvius may be one of the earth's safety valves. It was evening as we descended into the valley, terribly tired, and glad Vesuvius was "done" and not yet to "do." About half-past nine o'clock, proceeding through

Naples homeward, we drove through a grand illumination connected with the recent fête of Corpus Christi. The perspective of long rows of colored lamps and Chinese lanterns hung across the streets was magnificent ; at intervals the effect was heightened by arches of flame.

The next day was devoted to a sail on the Mediterranean, calling at the Blue Grotto and taking dinner on the beautiful island of Capri. Returning, we had a fine view of the Bay of Naples, which certainly possesses every element of beauty in itself and in its surroundings. However, I think its sunsets have been overpraised. They are beautiful ; but I have seen as rich sunsets on Lake Superior as any I have seen in Italy. The skies of Canada are not a whit behind those of Italy in blueness, and the atmosphere of Canada is quite as clear. There are a good many misconceptions about Italy. It is not very unhealthy in summer, nor is it so unbearably hot as it is generally represented. The June climate of Italy is about the same as the July of Canada. It is warm through the day, but cool enough mornings and evenings. The proper time to see Italy in all its beauty is in May or the early part of June. Persons who will take the ordinary precautions they are compelled to take even at home can travel through Italy with safety during any part of the summer. A two-hours' mid-day rest avoids the greatest heat. It is considered prudent to sleep with closed windows at night. Strong liquors had better be avoided. The water is not always good, but tea and coffee, or light wines for those who care for them, can be everywhere obtained. You are not knocked down in St. Peter's, at Rome, as some suppose, if you don't kneel down. On the contrary, you are everywhere throughout Italy treated with outward politeness and consideration. While this is so, I must admit that the storekeepers, especially in Southern Italy, are a set of awful liars. They ask three times what they expect to get for



an article ; you can generally beat them down to one-half or one-third of the price originally asked. Then look out that they do not palm off for change some ungoable notes ; each town has a local paper currency, which will pass nowhere else ; insist on receiving bills of the National Bank, which pass anywhere in Italy. As for the hotelkeepers, they are sure to charge you with something you never got ; your only plan is to shout as loudly and gesticulate as vehemently as themselves, when the bill may be reduced without difficulty to honest proportions. I don't believe there is a hotel in Italy equal to the Tecumseh House, London, or the Queen's in Toronto. The best I have seen is the Hotel de Londres, Pisa. The bread is frequently sour, the butter saltless and lardy, and there is nothing particularly nice about them. Clowser is down on the *table d'hote* both in Italy and France. He says these people couldn't stand a good substantial meal of English roast beef. "They ain't got no insoides, these French and Italians," says Clowser.

The museum at Naples is worth visiting. It contains a splendid collection of Pompeian antiquities. One room is closed to women, on account of some of the objects it contains. On Friday we left the hot and dirty city without much regret, arriving at Rome in the evening. Next morning northward for Pisa, our train for most of the distance keeping in view of the Mediterranean. In the fields were groups of forty or fifty harvesters in a row, with mounted overseers behind. The land mostly belongs to noble and aristocratic proprietors ; these laborers, with families to keep, get not more than a franc a day. They use little fuel ; expend little on clothing ; and live mostly on bread and water. The wine they help to produce is not drunk by them ; they can't afford it. A gentleman residing in Pisa says it is a long time since he has seen a drunken man in Italy. I have not seen one.



## CHAPTER XI.

PISA—FLORENCE—VENICE—THE LEANING TOWER—FLORENTINE STUDIOS  
—THE GAY GONDOLIER—VENICE AND ITS WATERY HIGHWAYS.

VENICE, June 26, 1873.

PISA, about fifty miles from Florence, is, like the latter city, cut into two parts by the river Arno—another Tiber as to yellowness and muddiness. Though the rivers of Italy are nothing to boast of, her landscapes more than make up the deficiency. Pisa is about six miles from the sea. Though now a small city for Italy, 40,000 to 50,000, it was once a place of great note : those who read Hallam's "Europe in the Middle Ages" will see it fills a considerable space in history. Pisa, as an independent Republic, had its fleets and armies ; contended with Genoa and Florence for the supremacy of the Mediterranean ; enjoyed an extensive commerce, and took an active part in the Crusades. It is now celebrated chiefly in connection with its Leaning Tower and adjoining buildings. The Tower, 180 feet high (in reality a belfry), is surrounded by eight circular balconies, giving it at a distance a very graceful appearance. From the Tower a good view is obtained of the city, with mountain and sea prospects. No record has been left to show whether this singular structure was built leaning, or sunk to that position. The latter solution is most probable. It has stood 700 years, and may stand as many more. The cathedral adjoining was commenced in the eleventh century. In the great nave swings the bronze lamp which is said to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. The music here was fine, the organ and voices assisted by violins, base viols and drums. Another building of the group is the Baptistry, a beautiful circular

structure. The echo under the dome is remarkably sweet. The Campo Santo, or burial ground, erected in the twelfth century, is a place of much interest. Fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary form the holy soil in which the dead sleep. The structure which surrounds the yard has some queer old wall pictures representing the judgment, the doom of the damned, and the lives of the holy hermits. On the wall hangs the huge chain which stretched across the ancient harbor of Pisa; it was captured by the Genoese in 1362, and given back in 1848. In the evening a few of us enjoyed a quiet drive a few miles into the country, along the sea coast, through the king's pine forest. Song birds, pheasants and deer abounded. In this forest, employed in getting out timber, are kept 160 camels.

Those who have heard Mr. Punshon's lecture, "Florence and its Memories," do not need to be told that Florence is a place of beauty and interest. Its climate is temperate; living is comparatively inexpensive; it is delightfully situated in a fertile district; it is the fashionable and literary headquarters of Italy; its only successful rival as an artistic capital is Rome. Among the illustrious men it has produced are Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. Among its treasures of art, the most valuable and celebrated are to be found in the Royal Gallery, open without money and without price to the public. The room of rooms is called the Tribune. Here is a group of five famous pieces of statuary: the world-celebrated Venus de Medici; the Satyr; the Young Apollo; the Grinder; and the Wrestlers. In an adjoining room may be seen, among other paintings, the following noted originals: Raphael's Madonna with the Goldfinch; Titian's dangerously beautiful Venus; and the Head of John the Baptist, by Correggio. Another room is

devoted to the masterly group of Niobe and her slain and expiring children—seven sons and seven daughters (slain by Apollo and Diana). It requires no apprenticeship in art to see beauty in this famous work.

Yesterday morning several of us drove (it costs here for carriage hire about five cents per hour for each person) to the beautiful English cemetery in the suburbs. Among the flower-guarded graves we saw that of Theodore Parker, the well-known American preacher, and that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the English poetess. Theodore Parker's place of repose is marked by a plain gray slab; on the white marble over the grave of the poetess is this inscription only:

E. B. 1861.

Many English and Americans lie in this sweet place. We next visited the house once occupied by Michael Angelo; and afterwards the Church of St. Croce, where his remains are buried. In this church are monuments to Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli and Galileo. The latter holds in his hand the round world. "It moves, nevertheless," said Galileo. In front of this church, in a square, stands the colossal statue of Dante, which it will be remembered was six years ago inaugurated with great ceremony on the 600th anniversary of the birth of the poet.

Italy is great on church festivals. The traveller is sure to hit on more than one *fete* day if his stay is of any length. This being the festival of St. John, we went to the Duomo or Cathedral. St. John is the patron saint of Florence, so that this is an occasion extraordinary. The Duomo, built in the thirteenth century, is an immense church; its great dome is higher than St. Peter's, and furnished a model for the latter; it is built of black and white marble, and is considered one of the finest cathedrals in Italy. Those who have read George

Eliot's "Romola" will remember the scene is laid in Florence, and that the Duomo is frequently alluded to. But to the ceremony. The great altar is a blaze of light ; some of the huge yellow candles are ten feet high. A great many ecclesiastics of one grade or another, clad according to rank, take part. Seated on a throne of state is a prelate of high degree, treated with profound respect by all the rest ; they come up to him, bow, and respectfully back away ; they take off his mitre at certain places in the service, and with equal ceremony put it on again. Occasionally they bring him a gorgeous book out of which to read ; but only a faint echo of his voice can be heard throughout the church. There may be worship in all this to those who can penetrate its hidden meaning ; but to persons unaccustomed to it, taking only a surface view, it is but an imposing display. The excellent music was by a brass band, with drums, and a large chorus, with occasional interludes on the organ. The select and devout, supplied with blue tickets, occupied seats within a railing immediately in front of the altar. The body of the church, all mosaic-floored, was crowded with promenaders (as at St. Peter's on *Corpus Christi* Day), dressed as stylishly and sauntering along as nonchalantly as if they were at a promenade concert. Except in the immediate vicinity of some of the altars, or when moveable seats are brought in, all the large cathedrals in Italy are without seats. The bell-tower adjoining is one of the finest in existence ; and the bronze door of the Baptistry opposite is the one which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the door of Paradise.

Among the institutions of Florence are the open-air theatres. Not exactly in the open air, either ; a building like any other theatre, with ticket office, pit, orchestra, stage, boxes, and tiers of gallery seats ; but no roof except the blue sky. The attendance is large, and the order excellent ; many smoke cigars ;

between the acts ices and light beverages are indulged in. It was something to hear Hamlet—done into Italian. The part of "Amleto," as they transform it, was taken in excellent style by the noted Salvini.

I shall remember with interest a visit to the studios of two American sculptors here resident. Mr. John McNamee has under way a work called "The First Base." The striker is supposed to be running towards the first base; the ball has been thrown, and it is a question which will get in first. The first baseman's right foot is on the sand-bag; his left is far forward; his hands are stretched out in front to catch the ball; every muscle is strained with eagerness, which also shows itself in his face. The work is one of great power and truthfulness. Mr. McNamee has been engaged on and off at this work for three years. What made this visit particularly interesting was the fact that we had a practical representation of the artists' way of working. The real work, where the skill and imagination come into play, is the clay model. After this has been once accomplished, and a plaster of Paris cast taken, the work of making the marble copy is chiefly mechanical, done by measurements, which any skilled workman can do. Mr. McNamee's model is taken from life. To this end he employs a sinewy Italian, at about four francs a day, who makes his living by standing, minus a stitch of haberdashery, in the attitude indicated, as a model. Our Mr. Campbell left his order for a bust of himself with Mr. McNamee. The work of American artists, of whom there are many both in Florence and in Rome, goes duty free to the United States. They can live cheaper here, besides being in an atmosphere of art. In Mr. J. T. Hart's studio is an exquisite work approaching completion, on which he has been engaged for ten years. The subject is the Triumph of Love, in which the last arrow of Cupid

is wrested from him by Love. This work also is being modelled from life ; and the old gentleman at one time and another has had before him, combining as far as possible the loveliness of all, as many as a hundred different models—all figleafless. The number of those of both sexes who make a livelihood by sitting as models is large.

The morning before our departure for Venice we visited the chapel and mausoleum of the princes of the Medici family ; it is built almost altogether of precious stones ; it cost over \$5,000,000. In the New Sacristy adjoining are the celebrated statues by Michael Angelo—Day and Night, Evening and Dawn. We left Florence with regret. Perhaps Rogers was not far astray when he exclaimed :

Of all the fairest cities of the earth,  
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis the Past  
Contending with the Present ; and in turn  
Each has the mastery.

About seven o'clock in the morning we arrived at Venice—a city that has set painters, poets and even plain prose people well nigh crazy ; a city built out in the sea on piles ; a city whose streets are highways of water ; a city which at one time controlled the commerce of Europe, and made its naval prowess everywhere respected and feared. From the railway station we descended by stone steps to the canal, and were rowed to our hotel in gondolas. These boats are high-pointed at each end, and long and slender in build. The steel prow is singular-looking, but graceful, somewhat resembling a halberd. When the gondola is managed by one man, his position is on a sort of elevated deck at the right stern ; the extra boatman, when one is needed, stands on the left bow. The propelling motion of the oar is a peculiar sculling movement which baffles description. The gondoliers are very skilful,

sending their boats along with apparent ease and great swiftness. They turn a corner neater than any wheeled vehicle I have ever seen; and the close shaves they can make in passing approaching boats without actually striking is a greater miracle to me than, for instance, the miraculous finding in a canal of Venice of the piece of the "true Cross." The gondolas are all painted black, in accordance with an unrepealed law passed in the fifteenth century. In the centre are cushioned seats for four persons; overhead an awning protects from the sun. I have never travelled in any conveyance at all comparing in smoothness and comfort with the gondola. Here it takes the place of cab and carriage. A city of 100,000 inhabitants, there is not a horse in Venice. There are gondolas for hire; private swell gondolas, with aristocratic uniformed gondoliers; omnibus gondolas, running to different parts of the city; and heavy freight gondolas. It is astonishing how quickly one becomes accustomed to new surroundings; it very soon becomes as natural to ride in a gondola as in a buggy. If you want to go to church, to a store, or for an afternoon or evening chat at the house of a friend, you jump into a gondola, and are soon at the steps of your destination. It must not be supposed there are no land streets in Venice. The intersections between the 147 canals make up three large and one hundred and fourteen small islands. On these pile-formed islands are palaces and houses to the number of about 15,000; like the bridges, built chiefly of stone; many of them are of marked magnificence. The widest of the streets I remember to have walked through was about ten feet in width; while many of them, through which looking up you can see a long ribbon of blue sky, are not more than three and four feet wide. The city is surrounded by the Lagoon, a long bay, several miles wide; beyond the long sand-bars roll the billows of the Adriatic. It is a mistake to suppose, as many



do, that the water highways of Venice have anything in common with stagnant pools. This is salt water ; it is subject to a daily ebb and flow ; it can differ but slightly from the freshest water of the sea.

A few minutes from our hotel is the Piazza of St. Mark—about 500 feet by 200—a large square for a place built like Venice. It is entered by an arcade, opposite to which is the famous St. Mark's Church, with its four bronze horses ; and at one corner the tower, up which you can climb 300 feet on payment of a penny for entrance. The ground floors of the imposing structure on either side consist of arcades, in which handsome jewellery and photographic shops and excellent refreshment *cafes* are to be found in great variety. Here is the focus of the leisure life of Venice. On summer evenings, especially when the band plays, the square is thronged with promenaders, and with persons enjoying lemonade or ices at the little tables on the sidewalk. Every afternoon at a certain hour an odd sight may be seen on the square in the feeding of a great flock of pigeons at the expense of the city. As illustrative of the influence of traditionary teaching on the Italian people, it is worth relating how this custom arose. Admiral Somebody, a big Venetian in the thirteenth century, whilst besieging Candia, received important and useful intelligence by means of carrier pigeons from the island. He then dispatched the birds to Venice with the news of his success, and since then their descendants have been carefully tended and highly revered by the citizens. It would be a hazardous thing to injure one of these pigeons. They are perfectly tame, and hop about without the least appearance of nervousness.

A place famed in history is the Palace of the Doges. Here was the headquarters of the terrible Council of Three ; and here the lions' mouths in which were dropped anonymous

accusations which caused the swift death of many an innocent man. Connecting the council chamber with the dungeons across the canal is the famous Bridge of Sighs. Well might they *sigh* who passed over this fatal bridge, *on route* to death or endless imprisonment. We visited the cells, cold, damp, impenetrably dark. Thank heaven, the days of this sort are over! After dinner we went across the Lagoon to the island and monastery of San Lazarus. This is a training school for priests of the Armenian Catholic faith. The island belongs to Turkey, and the monastery is under the protection of that power. This sect is divided into two wings—one acknowledging, the other denying, the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. They allow no instrumental music in their churches; only vocal chanting. Lord Byron stayed at the monastery six months studying the Armenian language; the room in which he used to study is shown. The brothers not only write but print their own works; the presses are mostly old-fashioned hand-presses. Among the books printed is a little collection of Armenian popular songs translated into English. As a specimen of the style and humor, I take at random a few lines:

That large heap, that large heap, what is it?  
 That large heap, it is the village masters.  
 The lion is roaring, look who is it?  
 The lion roaring, it is the doctors.  
 The partridge is chirping, look who is it?  
 The partridge chirping, it is the priests.  
 The sparrow is warbling, look who is it?  
 The sparrow warbling, it is the deacons.

On our way to the Lido, the Adriatic side of which is the fashionable bathing resort, our gondoliers massed their boats into a fleet and struck up a chorus in splendid style. Returning to the city we met a funeral procession leaving the residence of the deceased. Six bearers in red robes, a dozen in

white robes and blue capes ; candelabra and banners and crucifixes ; then a number of poor-house mourners. The procession, which presented a very Oriental appearance, was preceded by a band of music.

The great feature of our second day in Venice was an afternoon sail along the length of the Grand Canal—

Gliding up the street as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico.

Naples was dirty and disappointing ; it was hard to *realize* Rome ; but Venice more than comes up to anything I have ever read of it. It is unlike anything elsewhere ; its novelty and charm cannot be overstated. It is an experience never to be forgotten to sail leisurely along the Grand Canal, "Baedeker" in hand (the best guide book is undoubtedly Baedeker), noting the celebrated buildings, and recalling their history. This is the house of Desdemona ; and this the palace where Byron resided. Some of the palaces are in the pointed style of the fifteenth century, some in the Turkish style. Of course we got out at the Rialto bridge, at which spot are portions of buildings erected in the year 402 ; a pillar from which the laws of the Republic of Venice were proclaimed ; the little corner place in which the first bank in Europe commenced business ; and, to crown all, the house of Shylock. In "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare shows great familiarity with Venice ; yet there is no record of his ever having been here.

This morning our first jaunt was to the Church of St. Giogio Maggiore, noted for the wood carving of its choir. From the tower a fine view is obtained of the city, the grand and minor canals, the railway bridge to the mainland, two miles and a half long, gliding gondolas, the blue Adriatic. From thence to the Arsenal, which contains many objects of

interest in the shape of models of old-time Venetian galleys ; long and wicked-looking halberds ; flags captured from the Turks ; the first bomb invented, 1368 ; a revolver, of the year 1600, showing that Colt, the American, was not the real inventor ; a mitrailleuse, also of the year 1600, constructed to throw twenty balls at once ; swords used in the Crusades ; instruments of torture ; and the armor worn by Atilla the Hun. Venice is famous for its fancy glass works ; it is interesting to see the skilled workmen making glass flowers and ornaments. The great art is the coloring ; it is a secret.

No one should leave Venice without visiting and making some purchases at the store of Carlo Ponto, the most celebrated photographer and optician in the world. His pictures and instruments go all over the earth. He is the inventor of the Megaethoscope, which it is claimed, and I believe with truth, is the most perfect instrument on the stereoscopic principle in existence. My next from Vienna.

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## CHAPTER XII.

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AMONG THE GERMANS—WOMEN' RIGHTS—RAILWAY TRAVEL ACROSS  
THE ALPS—THE WORLD'S FAIR AT VIENNA.

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VIENNA, July 1, 1873.



AFTER leaving the City of the Seas, we struck the Austrian frontier, *en route* to Trieste, at the little station of Cormono. Here our baggage was examined by the custom-house officials ; it had been looked at also before starting from Venice. The examination, like that on entering France and Italy, was not severe. One of our party had to pay on some articles bought in Italy. Usually the ordinary pleasure tourist is not troubled much, and a franc slipped into

the hand of the examiner is said to have a lubricating effect. The best plan is to make no attempt at concealment, but rather to show a disposition of cheerful compliance with what after all is a necessary formality.

Trieste is handsomely situated at the head of the Adriatic. In curving along the bay a view is obtained of Miramar, the beautiful sea-coast residence of the unfortunate Maximilian and poor Carlotta. Trieste is an important port. As will be seen by the map, it is a sort of sea-focus for Northwestern Italy, Southern Austria and Northwestern Turkey—a kind of half-way-house between the West and the East. On Sunday morning the town was startled by a violent shock of earthquake. It was still more severe at Venice, there causing the bells in the church steeples to ring. At Filetto thirty-nine persons were killed. It is not easy to tell a continental Sunday from a week-day, except that the bands play louder, there are more promenaders, and the circuses and beer-gardens are in fuller blast. Here flower-girls sell very neatly done up bouquets of green lavender. Close to our hotel is a Greek Church, the most sumptuous edifice in the city. The priest wore a high, round, rimless head-piece ; and a long black robe, tied at the loins. There was no preaching ; the priest stood at one side, facing the altar, read the Scriptures in Greek, and intoned several chants. Two gilt-framed pictures occupied places of honor in front of the candle-lighted altar ; one was the picture of Christ, the other of Christ and His Apostles. I saw no picture of the Virgin. After the service several persons went up to the picture of Christ, crossed themselves three times, and three times kissed the glass over the picture. The communion was administered as a part of the regular service ; several children were among the communicants ; each participant kissed the priest's hand, and received a piece of bread.

There was a cheerful, happy look on the faces of all who partook. One of the advantages of travel is missed if it does not give an increasing toleration and respect for the opinions of other people.

On Monday morning we left Trieste for an all-day ride to Vienna. In our compartment were one American, one Canadian, two young Germans from Frankfort-on-the-Main, an Austrian officer, and an Italian gentleman resident in Milan. All were exceedingly affable. The Austrian officer, a fine, handsome fellow, knew the route thoroughly, and took evident pleasure in pointing out objects of interest. The Italian gentleman proved intimate with English politics and literature.

He regards Shakespeare as the Dante of England ; believes in a free Church in a free State ; says the educated people of Italy laugh at the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He informs me that young ladies or gentlemen in Italy are not regarded as educated unless they can speak English. Shortly after leaving Trieste our luggage was examined again—making three times since packing up at Venice ! We are now fairly into Austria, making our way northward. Instead of "Oui, oui, Monsieur," or "Si, Signor," we get the reply, "Ya," or "Nein." The sign-boards at the stations are now in German. The people show rounder faces and a plumper style of physique. The people seem to laugh and grow fat on the light Vienna beer in which they so plentifully indulge. Some of them will drink an amazing number of glasses at a sitting, without any sign of intoxication. And what smokers ! The cars are provided with little ash-pans in which to shake off the ashes of the cigars. The young Germans were mightily astonished when I confessed to being a non-smoker ; they kept lighting one long, slender cigar after another in endless succession. The route from Trieste to Vienna winds in and out

among the Alps, affording a succession of imposing views. At a way-station I noticed women unloading lumber. Everywhere you see women in the harvest field plying large three-pronged wooden forks—generally stockingless, often barefooted. Their usual costume is a dark blue skirt, laced bodice, with red, white, or perhaps yellow handkerchief tied over the head. The women seem to do most of the hard work; in Vienna to-day I saw groups of women mixing mortar, others carrying the hod up ladders, others wheelbarrowing dirt from an excavation! They look strong and muscular, but necessarily coarse. At Fraydorf we obtain a fine view of a little valley town, the winding river in the foreground looking like a green serpent sunning itself. The river a mile or two above issues from the foot of a mountain, after no one knows what subterranean wanderings. We pass castles and churches on seemingly inaccessible heights; we pass many peasant homes—some straw-thatched, some red-clay-tiled. They have a funny way along here of stacking hay in stacks three or four feet wide, ten or twelve feet high, thirty or forty feet long, and covered with a sharp-peaked roof. Throughout rural Austria, at intervals, you see constantly stone or wooden crosses on the mountains or by the road; and occasionally a wayside shrine containing a picture of the Virgin.

About two p. m. we stayed twenty-five minutes for refreshments at Marbring. The guard had previously ascertained and telegraphed the number of those who desired dinner. The same rush to get seats at the table, the same fast eating, the same bewilderment of waiters often observable at an American railway station. There was some fine shouting for awhile in German, Italian, French, English, and Americanese—the latter, if the waiters could only have understood it, particularly expressive. The charge was about forty cents Canadian; for



this they gave a course of cold ham and tongue ; roast beef and vegetables ; chicken, and a sort of cherry pie.

We have now been steadily ascending the Alps. We cross at the Semmering, nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is wonderful the way these powerful locomotives (made specially for Alpine ascents) drive steadily up-hill. The scenery from this point is of the grandest character. In descending on the other side of the mountain we go through no fewer than sixteen tunnels before reaching the open plain. The route circles about in the most inexplicable manner ; dashing into the depths of a mountain, and with equal suddenness emerging into the sunlight ; on one hand a deep gorge, on the other a high cliff. It was ten p. m. when the heights of Vienna came into view. Soon after we were comfortably situated in the Hotel de France.

Early next morning Mr. Malden, of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, London, England, and the writer, were hard at work at the Vienna Exposition. Our intention was to do it as systematically as our time would permit, taking first a cursory glance, and afterwards revisiting the special points of attraction. The task is little short of Herculean, and months could be spent instead of days. So wonderful a display was never before known in the history of man. The building itself, with its annexed chalets, restaurants, pavilions, etc., covers a space of between four and five English square miles, and is five times the size of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The first appearance of the grounds and buildings is that of a populous city. The main building consists of a nave 990 yards long, with an extreme width of 224 yards, intersected by sixteen transepts, having in the centre the rotunda and dome. This dome is the largest ever constructed, and is regarded as a triumph of architectural and engineering skill. St. Paul's

dome is one hundred and eleven feet high ; St. Peter's one hundred and fifty-six feet high ; the height of this rotunda dome is three hundred and fifty-four feet.

The exhibition ground is entered by turnstile tables, where you pay in cash, which is swept into box holes cut in the tables. The ordinary price of admission is about twenty-five cents ; and once or twice a week about fifty cents. The number of people entering was great, but I was not in a crush once throughout the day. The grounds and buildings are so extensive, the objects of interest so numerous, and tastes so diverse, that there is seldom uncomfortable crowding in any one place. We enter first the "Machinenhalle." With its whirling shafts, revolving pulleys and clattering cogs, this machine hall looks and sounds like a vast machine shop in full operation. This impression is confirmed by the groups of workmen rubbing, oiling, and looking after the specialties under their charge. Among the American inventions is Hall's patent vice. In this vice the jaws can be instantly adjusted and clamped to hold any sized piece by one motion only of the operating handle, and opened as quickly. Of course the Americans are great on sewing machines ; the Howe, Singer, and other familiar names, meet the eye. Young ladies, with their hair extra frizzed for the occasion, exhibit themselves and the sewing machines at the same time, as at a Provincial Exhibition. As might be expected, England comes out strong in machinery, calico, printing machines, hydraulic engines, huge trip hammers. In the French department I saw an ingenious contrivance for going into burning buildings ; a rubber bag covered with canvas is strapped on the back, having been first, by a simple process, filled with a supply of fresh air. Two slender tubes and a mouth-piece convey the air to the mouth. A pair of round, close-fitting goggles protect the eyes from

smoke and cinders ; and a whistle at the small end of a rubber ball, which whistles on being pressed by the hand, completes an apparatus that ought to be in every fireman's hall. The Swiss show iron rails on sleepers made of blocks of asphalt. Wood for ties is getting scarce and dear, and asphalt may be the proper substitute. A Swiss railway car on show has a coke stove underneath, connecting with hot water-pipes throughout the car. The Belgians show a handsome sleeping-car, very cozy ; an electric bell can call the guard if necessary. From the attention now being given to sleeping-cars on the Continent, it is safe to say all leading lines will soon have them running. The Belgian display of heavy machinery is significantly conspicuous. Belgium possesses splendid supplies of coal and iron ; she is becoming England's greatest rival in the iron trade. At one time England used to supply all the Continent, including Belgium, with locomotives. At the present time there are locomotive works in Prussia, Austria, Russia, and particularly in Belgium. Indeed, at this moment a number of Belgian locomotives and railway cars are running on English railways. These continental powers are all pushing ahead in iron manufactures. Sewing machines are now shown by nearly every country.

Leaving the machinery hall, you next come to the agricultural hall, which, however, does not confine itself strictly to its title. Here, again, it can be noticed, in the reapers and mowers, cultivators, plows and harrows, dairy apparatus, etc., that all civilized nations are paying increased attention to agriculture on scientific principles, and with improved machinery. As fast as one nation discovers a labor-saving implement, other nations appropriate the invention. We have now been wandering about for several hours, and must consider the great question of dinner. Lord Lytton, I believe it was, who expressed himself thus ;

O ! hours of all hours, most blessed upon earth,  
 Blessed hour of our dinners. The land of his birth,  
 The face of his first love, the bills that he owes,  
 The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes ;  
 The sermon he heard when to church he last went,  
 The money he borrowed, the money he spent  
 All these a man, I believe, may forget,  
 And not be the worse of forgetting ; but yet  
 Never, oh, never, earth's luckiest sinner  
 Has forgotten unpunished the hour of his dinner.

Holding these views, in part at least, we sat ourselves down at an open-air German "Restauration." A slice of roast beef, with bread and potatoes, cost about thirty-five cents. It would probably have been twice as dear and no better at the American and some other restaurants. The prices at Vienna are not now nearly so high as at first ; visitors wouldn't come ; the financial panic brought the hotel-keepers to their senses, aided by a little government regulation. The over-charging at the start was a great mistake, keeping away thousands who would otherwise have come to Vienna. In my next we will resume our walks.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

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HOW CANADA IS DISGRACED IN THE EYES OF THE NATIONS—TWO BOTTLES  
 OF TANNIN OIL TO REPRESENT THE DOMINION !—A HUMILIATING  
 SPECTACLE—THE WAY OTHER COUNTRIES ARE DIS-  
 PLAYING THEIR PRODUCTS.

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VIENNA, July 5, 1873.

**R**ESUMING our walk on the grounds, we come to a group of English workmen's houses, in the midst of which is an iron cooking-furnace on wheels, much in appearance like a locomotive, in which rations for a hundred

can be cooked speedily. We now enter the building devoted to agricultural implements and productions. The English show fine traction engines and steam plows; also reapers and mowers. Portugal displays woods in variety. Spain is strong on wines. In the French department I see oats six feet high. Italy illustrates what can be done in luscious fruits. Switzerland has a huge pyramid of cans of condensed milk. In the American department may be seen McCormick's reaper and mower, Wood's Buckeye reaper, and others. On the whole, the American departments generally are dwarfed and overshadowed. There are Americans who have been brought up to believe that everything in the United States is perfection, and everything out of it the reverse. They talk coolly about the "effete monarchies of Europe." Nevertheless Europe is still the centre of power, civilization, art and literature. There is not a little State in Europe here represented from which the United States and Canada might not learn useful lessons.

Rain, which falls frequently in Vienna, now commencing to descend, we made a dive for the main building. Brazil exhibits wool, coffee, long grasses, and some of the oddest fishes in the world. The American indoor department, next in order, while far in the rear of the collections shown by the four chief exhibitors—Austria, Prussia, France and England—contains many things worthy of note. There is shown a model, complete, of an American school-house, with books and apparatus; cotton plants from Mississippi; excellent photographs; Colt's revolvers (we saw the original, A. D. 1600, at Venice); some beautiful organs and pianos; a case of American ladies' boots—fearfully high-heeled; Seth Thomas's clocks a niche is devoted to products along the North Pacific Railway—a good advertisement; a fine show of Prang's chromos;

a magnificent marble and silver soda-water fountain, made by Matthews, of New York. An amusing thing in the American department is a long wall picture, sent over by the Cincinnati Pork Packers' Association, to represent the process of turning hogs into hams. The picture is conceived in several acts—piggy having his throat cut, being scalded, hung up, quartered, packed.

Great Britain shows nearly everything. W. Thomas, of London, shows a string of diamonds valued at £35,000. England now manufactures silks to a large extent, importing the material as she does raw cotton; some of the specimens shown are beautiful. There are some fine things in Irish laces. The English possessions in India display gorgeous fabrics, costumes, and native jewellery. A portion of Great Britain's space is devoted to her colonies. The Cape of Good Hope, South Australia, and New South Wales, are creditably represented in native woods, fabrics, minerals, animals, agricultural and horticultural productions. It is a disgrace that Canada is not represented here. Canadians in Vienna are placed in an unenviable position. A Canadian is introduced to a gentleman from some other country.

"O, you are from Canada. I am glad to make your acquaintance. By-the-way, in what part of the building is the Canadian department situated?"

It comes pretty hard, in reply to a greeting like this, to have to shamefacedly confess that Canada had not sufficient enterprise to put in an appearance. Canada *is* represented, however—after a fashion. In walking down the Colonial Court, my eye accidentally caught the word CANADA. Of course I stopped. In an out-of-the-way corner—on a wooden box about a foot square, covered with chocolate-colored chintz—stood two bottles, with this inscription: *Miller's Tannin*

*Oil.* As an immediate back-ground lay two small pieces of scraggy-looking leather, supposed to be exhibitiv of the effects of the tannin oil. My country ! This a representation of half a continent of the best territory in the world ! More than all, I am afraid we will not get full credit even for the tannin oil. Surrounded as it was by canisters of Australian preserved meats, the general impression would naturally be that Canada was some little Australian village that made a specialty of tannin oils. Here is an exhibition at the very doors of the German peoples, with visitors daily from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, &c., the best classes of emigrants we could possibly obtain. Such an opportunity of making Canada known to the immigrating classes of the Continent never before offered, and probably will never offer again. The plea of expense will not secure acquittal. Canada's greatest need is population. If New South Wales could afford to invest in this splendid advertisement, much more could Canada.

In an annex or extra-adjoining building are many articles of British iron work. A platinum still is shown, capable of turning out ten tons of sulphuric acid per day ; the value of this not very large still is nearly \$20,000; platinum is about five times the price of silver, and twice as heavy ; it is difficult to melt and almost indestructible. Some big Armstrong guns are shown. These guns make a start as a solid block of wrought steel, are then bored, and finally encircled with bands of wrought iron. The Old Lion will stand a good deal, but give his tail a twist too much, and it is evident he could make things lively yet.

Next morning we resumed work on the out-structures. Here is a building devoted to Norway and Sweden, built *a la mode*. At the entrance is a natural-looking wax Norwegian, with his white fur coat about him, seated in his canoe-shaped



sleigh ; a great many sorts of cured fish and a strong fishy smell. The next building is occupied exclusively by the manufactures, chiefly in cannon, of Krupp, the famous Prussian gunmaker. A single block of steel is shown, weighing fifty-five tons, the largest ever forged. The specialty in this building is the famous Krupp gun, which stands at the head of the guns of the world. With its carriage and wheels, and pullies and tackle, it is an enormous affair. The gun itself is about twenty-four feet long. It throws a conical shot weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, and uses up one hundred and thirty pounds of powder at a charge. It is calculated to pierce a fourteen-inch iron plate. The only rival of the Krupp gun was the big gun at Woolwich, but the test was not in favor of the latter. At the sixty-eighth round the Woolwich gun was disabled for further service, while out of the Krupp gun two hundred and thirty rounds were fired without injury to the piece. The headquarters of the Krupp works are at Essen, where 12,000 men are employed, besides 5,000 more in various mines connected with the works. We now enter a building connected with the Schwarzenburg estates in Bavaria. Here are various woods, an interesting collection of oddly-shaped wooden shoes worn by the peasants, dried fruits, black bread, and models of tamarack cabins in the back forests.

An adjoining building shows some four-inch iron girders torn asunder and shattered—showing the force of the explosive dynamite. Here also is to be seen, from an Austrian mine, a block of solid silver, worth \$25,000 ; and also the interesting spectacle of a sixty-eight pounder iron cannon-ball floating like a cork on the surface of a large pan of quicksilver—the secret, of course, being the greater weight of the quicksilver. The quicksilver in the pan is worth \$17,000. In this building are

to be seen an assortment of extremely primitive German plows ; there are people here, as well as in Canada and elsewhere, who cling to inconveniences because they are old. Models of shoots for getting timber down the mountains ; models of rafts for floating the timber down the swift rivers ; models of the charcoal pits of the forests. Next, an Alsatian farm-house, in the form of an inner court and surrounding buildings on three sides of a square. It is used as a restaurant, with waiter-girls in costume.

In the afternoon, by way of variety, another stroll in the great building. It would set the lady readers of these letters crazy to see the French display of beautiful silks, lace shawls, lace goods of all kinds, tapestries, &c. They would find it hardly less difficult to pass the cases of jewellery, the fancy goods, the bronzes, the articles in porcelain. The French department is perhaps the most tasteful in the building ; considering what France has recently undergone, it is wonderful. The Swiss show a great variety of beautiful gold and silver watches from Geneva, of all designs and all sizes. Geneva beats the world in watches, if what everybody says is true. A very pretty thing here is the model of a Swiss chalet.

The Italian department is full of interest. Splendid statuary : a little boy saying " The Forced Prayer " is comical, yet wonderfully expressive. Full of meaning is also a sitting statue of Ione, founded on the following words from *The Last Days of Pompeii* : " It seemed to Ione as she read this letter as if a mist had fallen from her eyes." Among the statuary are many copies of famous originals we had already seen at Rome, Florence, and Venice. Some beautiful mosaic tables ; a gondola ; and outside, adjoining, a section of the Mt. Cenis Tunnel Railway track—train, locomotive, and lighted cars, all full size, as in the actual tunnel.

Sweden shows a son of the soil in wax, all befurred, and apparently setting out on a snow-shoe tramp ; the snow-shoes, of wood, are actually about four feet long before the foot and four feet long behind, and turned up at each end like a gondola. In a quaint family group I was amused by the little girl, with cape of red and dress of yellow flannel. The waist begins a trifle below the neck ; all the rest to the ground is skirt. It would be impossible to particularize the great Prussian department. The first feature that arrested attention was the wonderful display of clocks ; some in quaint wood-carvings and some in bronze ; and the next was the attention and ability that had evidently been bestowed on the splendid and varied display of scientific instruments. The two nations represented here, whose combined displays inside and out of the main building give pre-eminently the impression of power and greatness, are Great Britain and Prussia. Passing the Rotunda, I had the fortune to meet the Queen of Wirtemberg as she was being conducted over the Austrian department by the Emperor Francis Joseph. The lady was dressed in black, apparently in mourning ; no jewellery ; face prepossessing and marked by refinement ; there was no attempt at style or display. She was wheeled about in a bath-chair. The Emperor, tall and good-looking, walked by her side, pointing out the objects of interest. A little further on we come to the extensive and interesting display of the Japanese. Here are quite a number of real live Japs, with their gold-flowered coats, and their shiny black hair done up in artistic pig-tails, busily at work spinning silk on Japanese looms ; at one of the looms a pensive-looking, almond-eyed Japanese damsel assisted. Japan shows lacquered cabinets in ebony and ivory ; rare toys and fancy articles ; porcelain, bronze work, many-hued silks, delicate embroidery, and some odd pictures, which have plenty of color but no perspective. We sometimes talk of the Japanese as

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barbarians, but the patience, the ingenuity here represented would tax Western peoples to equal. They think us barbarians. Who is to decide? It will hardly do for us to be allowed to be both judge and jury in our own case.

The picture-building is a large structure apart. Here are hundreds of carefully-culled pictures, mostly modern, from the best artists of every country in Europe. They are arranged in galleries by countries, giving an opportunity of comparing the different schools. England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Denmark, are well represented. Every country has sent its best. The value of this building and its art treasures is incalculable. Beyond the picture-building are a number of tastefully got-up Turkish Bazaars, where the turbaned sons of the Crescent are always ready to do business. Among the articles of interest on sale are strings of beads of olivewood, strings of rosewood beads for bracelets, various olivewood articles from Jerusalem, turbans, long pipes, etc. If the articles purchased are too large to slip into your pocket, you will not be allowed to take them out of the gates without a written permit from an Austrian functionary on the grounds. My next will date also from Vienna.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

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A FINAL WALK THROUGH THE VIENNA EXHIBITION—A COMPARISON OF NATIONS—THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

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VIENNA, July 7, 1873.



OUR final walk through the Exhibition buildings and grounds will be of a desultory character. It is impossible in a few days' time to systematize a description of a World's Fair, the buildings of which, if stretched out in a line

eighty feet wide, would reach ten miles. In riding along in the street-car towards the Exhibition, various signs can be noted that need only to be pronounced to interpret themselves. For instance : *bankhaus, bier halle und restauration, machinen halle, kaffehaus, &c.* Vienna is a fine city, and more after the style of Paris than any place I have seen. The streets are wide, regular, and planted with trees ; buildings high and lofty. A branch of the Danube flows swiftly through the city, while the main tide of that great river is only a few miles distant. The palaces and gardens of Vienna are among the finest in Europe. The people have a pleasure-loving reputation ; every evening the *cafes* and beer-tables under the trees are occupied by men, women and children—often family groups—sipping their beer and listening to the music of Strauss's band. The ladies have a good-natured, substantial appearance ; they do not implicitly follow the fashions of Paris, as witness their sensible and becoming straw hats, turned down before and behind. The hotels of Vienna are fair, though the German dishes are a little too rich and strong for palates unaccustomed to them. The attendance is usually excellent, though it is sometimes not the easiest thing in the world to make the waiters understand what you want. Still, I have never been reduced to quite the condition of the ingenious French gentleman compelled to clap his hands and crow to indicate that he wanted eggs. One thing I have learned, namely, that it is worth while for the intending tourist to devote any time that he can spare to working up in German and French. The latter is serviceable all over Europe. Even the barest smattering and knowledge of words in these languages will often be found useful.

The Viennese don't believe in supporting their big breed of dogs, a kind of mastiff, in idleness. They are harnessed up like horses, and hitched to waggons about half the size of the ordinary

Canadian "light waggon." You frequently meet them pulling loads of several hundred pounds' weight, with perhaps an infantile Austrian thrown in extra. Sometimes these waggons are hauled by men, but oftener by women. The reason, I suppose, why the women throughout Germany do so much of the hard work is the military *regime*. The best years of the choicest young men are absorbed, even in time of peace, by the military conscription ; to say nothing of the havoc created and the gaps caused by war.

Here we are once more in the Exhibition. The Austrian display is the largest. Vienna alone has sent a vast collection of articles. Had the Austrians, like the English, been compelled to send their cases 1,100 miles, their show would not have been so large, but it might have been more carefully selected. It is, however, very creditable. A column of paraffine is shown, with a transparent globe three feet in diameter of the same material, at the summit. Vienna, as the meerschäum headquarters, makes a great show in pipes of every device ; one pipe is two feet long, it and its elaborate carvings consisting of one piece. A resident of Vienna also shows an improved cow-house, with forty-four cows in it ; the place is very clean, well drained and ventilated ; the animals are in splendid order ; having been present at the bovine *table d'hôte*, I can certify to their appetites. From Hungary is exhibited a boor's hut of logs, much like a Canadian log-house in a new settlement. Bohemia contributes to the Austrian wing many beautiful specimens of the glassware for which she is famous.

Switzerland has a model school-house on the ground ; so has Prussia, and so has the United States. I like the American arrangement rather the best, though all three are admirably adapted for educational purposes. This is one of the departments in which England does not compete, and in which she

is sadly behind. If she wishes to keep pace with Prussia, she must throw to the winds her miserable disjointed denominational system, or rather want of system, and adopt something comprehensive and unsectarian.

In the Turkish department, in the main building, the roof is lined with Turkey carpets ; along the walls an immense show of rugs, silks, and stuffs. Ranged about are life-sized figures, clad in the costumes of different parts of the country. Perhaps the strangest-looking thing in this line is the silver Druse horn, into which the hair is pressed, and which stands out from the woman's forehead like the horn of a unicorn ; it is nearly a foot long, and must be uncomfortably heavy to carry in that style and at that inclination.

One of the sights among the detached buildings is the Egyptian Palace, with its court-yard, minarets, and dome ; in the court, fountains, palm-trees, and Oriental plants ; lattice-windows, with floors inlaid with colored marbles ; arabesque decorations on the walls ; under the dome a circle of lamps. Adjoining this interesting building is the stable, containing buffaloes, goats, sheep, cows, and three camels, looked after by attendants in native costume. Near by is the Persian Pavilion, not completed even yet ; what *is* done blazes with silvered glass. Not far off are Japanese tea-houses and Turkish kiosks. Here are farm-houses, such as they live in at home, inhabited by live specimens of Russian peasants, Saxon peasants, Czech peasants, Slavack foresters, and Slavack peasants. In various parts of the grounds—which are mostly level, but in some places broken, wooded, and picturesque—are restaurants of all nations : French, English, American, Russian, Italian, Swedish, and, of course, German. You see pavilions, villas, tents, beer halls, everywhere. One building must not be omitted, where the *Nieu Frei Presse*, the leading



journal of Vienna, is printed. A distinct edition of the paper is printed on the grounds, as a part of the exhibition, to illustrate the process of producing a newspaper. The editors are at work ; the type-setters are putting the MSS. into metal as fast as the "devil" brings it along ; the great press, steam-driven, is rapidly throwing off the damp sheets.

Returning again to the main building, we pause for a moment before one of the English jewellery cabinets, where, trembling and flashing with every vibration, is a spray of brilliants, representing wheat ears and wild flowers, valued at \$10,000; a court suite, coronet, necklace, bracelet, and earrings of white pearls and brilliants, valued at \$50,000, and a necklace of brilliants at \$60,000. In the space allotted to Greece may be observed some fine casts ; copies of friezes from the Parthenon ; one representing the birth of Pallas. The most famous old works in Rome and other Italian cities are Grecian. All that the Italians and the rest of the world know about statuary they learned from Grecian models. But if Greece has dropped from her place of mastery in art, she is trying to make headway in the practical, for among her exhibits at the World's Fair are a number of saws and cutting-machines. Holland pushes to the front her East India possessions—Java, Borneo, Celebes—with coffee, tea, tobacco, spices, wines, grains, olives and oil. The Italian sculpture-court makes a good display. In Italian statuary the nude predominates ; this is largely true of the French paintings.

To sum up, the Austrian display is the largest and very fine. The French display is perhaps the tastiest, though this is not easy to decide where all are beautiful. The Italians take the palm in statuary. The displays which pre-eminently indicate power, wealth, energy, and mental activity, are those of England and of Prussia. It is a difficult task, however, to counter-

balance the advantages and disadvantages of different countries. No one can attend an exhibition such as this, and see the productions of the world spread before him, without being struck with the law of compensation which seems to run through the Almighty's distribution of benefits. If He withholds one thing He gives another.

The influence of exhibitions such as this cannot but be promotive of peace and good-will on earth. Men are brought together from the extremes of the earth ; they compare ideas ; they learn that they have much in common. Ideas of self-government, ideas of liberty, are taken to all parts of the habitable globe, along with many a useful invention. The commercial idea obtains a hearing in opposition to the idea of military glory and military vanity. At this moment the world may be said to be one vast commercial republic, having Vienna as its capital, and representatives from all lands and climes. It is true, as has with more flippancy than force been pointed out, that the Paris Exposition did not prevent after wars. All great reforms move slowly ; so great a revolution as the actual beating of swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks is not to be accomplished in a day ; yet no one can deny that the commingling and co-operation of all tribes and kindreds in great peaceful enterprises is fraught with influences for good rather than for evil. What better opportunity could offer than a World's Fair to discuss and afterwards adopt a common currency, a common standard of weights and measures—y<sup>e</sup>s, and a common tribunal for the settlement of many if not all national disputes ? He is a bold man who in this day presumes to draw a line between the possible and the impossible.

To-morrow we make a start Englandward, by way of Switzerland and the Rhine.

## CHAPTER XV.

VIENNA TO MUNICH AND THE ISER—COLOSSAL STATUARY AND BEER  
CELLARS—LAGER AND THE STABAT MATER—SWISS LAKES  
AND SCENERY—ZURICH AND LUCERNE.

MUNICH, July 10, 1873.

LEAVING the capital of Austria for an all-day ride to Munich, we pass pine forests and little white-washed villages on the Danube, with occasional peaks of the Austrian Alps on either side. The railway track is fringed with glaring red poppies. The harvest is being gathered by men, women and children. The men seemingly could not exist without their long-handled, deep-bowled pipes. At Salzburg a fine view is obtained, consisting of a swift river, a castle on a high bluff, and a varied mountain background. Mozart first saw the light in Salzburg. We now enter Bavaria. On the train with us was a very intelligent gentleman who has resided in Roumania. He tells some interesting things about the religious beliefs and observances there prevalent. When a Roumanian peasant is at the point of death, his friends give him deep draughts of strong liquor to inspire him with courage to go to judgment. Once, on a *fete* day, he asked a peasant why he went to the All Saints' Church when his own Church of St. John was nearer. The reply was as follows: "If God Almighty asks St. John did he see me at church, St. John may have been looking the other way when I came in; but if I go to the All Saints' Church, some one of the All Saints will be sure to have seen me."

Munich is the capital and pride of Bavaria. It is a place of much interest. Here let me vent my bottled wrath anent these geographical names. There is no such city in the Ger-

man tongue as Munich. It is *Munchen*. The Anglicized word Vienna is *Wien* in the German. Take Italy. Napoli, Turino, Milano, Venezia, Roma, as they are written and spoken in Italian, have all been transmogrified by English linguistic wise-acres into Naples, Turin, Milan, Venice, Rome. I would be obliged to somebody for a sensible reason why geographical names should not be the same always and in all languages. After a night's rest in the Bellevue Hotel, I prepared to see a few of the sights of the city. A German bed is not the best in the world to get a night's rest on until you get used to it. They are short ; also narrow ; the quilts are an exact fit, when no one is under them, so that you are very apt to wake up in the morning and find your feet sticking out ; you are supplied with two pillows about four feet square ; and to crown all, a light feather bed, in addition to a quilt, to cover you. Blessings on the man who invented the German bed ! If the eighth of July was a fair average, Munich must be a warm place in summer. The weather told on the head porter of our hotel ; his only solace and refuge seemed to consist in frequent potations from a big beer-mug. He seemed to be resolved to improve every moment of his time ; when he could think of nothing else to do, he would take another drink of beer.

Munich is noted for its artistic tastes. Its galleries contain many fine pictures, ancient and modern. Its photographs are equal to any (and considered by some the best) in Europe, and it is noted for paintings on porcelain. But the industry for which Munich is chiefly famous is the Royal Bronze Foundry, which sends its workmanship all over Europe and the United States. The model-room contains plaster casts of Beethoven, Goethe, Schiller, and other celebrities. A colossal thing is the model of the equestrian statue of Washington, at Richmond, Virginia ; and a beautiful work is the model of the

bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, consisting of the life and career of Columbus—a scene in each panel. In the foundry proper may be seen the huge clay moulds into which the metal is poured. We now drive to see the largest bronze statue in the world—indeed, the largest piece of statuary of any description. On our way we cross the “Iser rolling rapidly.” The great statue is situated in front of the Hall of Fame, and consists of a female figure representing Bavaria. The figure is seventy feet high ; by her side crouches a lion ; in her left hand, held aloft, is a wreath of glory—in her right a sword. The head of this colossal and beautiful work contains inside a couple of sofas, where half a dozen persons can sit down comfortably. Our guide next drove us to see one of the huge beer cellars of Munich, where, deep down, the beverage is stored and kept cool. One of the great industries of Germany is apparently the manufacture of beer. A story is told of a German’s idea of moderate beer-drinking. Being a witness in court, he was asked how many glasses he had ever taken at one sitting. Well, about forty-five glasses was all. He was then asked if he thought it *possible* to get drunk on German beer. “Well,” was the response, “so long as he drinks him easy, like me, he will not get drunk ; but if he wants to make a hog of himself, like some people, then he might get drunk.”

My impressions of Munich had a pleasant wind-up in an open-air evening instrumental concert. Orchestra on an elevated dais, numbering about twenty ; conductor in front, baton in hand ; colored lamps suspended from the trees ; little round tables, surrounded by family groups, some sipping beer, others quietly smoking. The crowd is good-natured and extremely orderly. No policemen visible, as would be the case in Paris ; none are here needed. During the performance of a piece the

politest attention is given, and the rendering, if good, is rewarded by hearty applause. This is a thoroughly German style of amusement, and one which has much to commend it. Rational and attractive recreations for the masses are a want in Great Britain and beyond the Atlantic. The beer question need not be introduced—those who prefer can take lemonade. The programme was divided into three sections—Italian, French and German. In the first, besides some airs from Verdi, a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was exquisitely given ; in the second, Auber's music ; and in the third, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and such composers, supplied the musical bill of fare. I shall not soon forget the evening spent under the trees at Munich.

From Munich to Lindau, on the Lake of Constance ; on to Romanshorn ; thence by rail to Schaffhausen, to see the celebrated Falls of the Rhine at that place. The Schaffhausen Hotel is situated on a high bluff fronting the fall. Above is seen a bridge of nine spans ; to the right a castle ; far beyond, mountains yellowed by the just vanishing sun. Below the bridge the river narrows and takes a wild leap, the water dashing and dividing against huge boulders in the stream. The creaming suds in the boiling cauldron gleam iridescently in every color. The Rhine soon again composes itself into a calm, smooth-flowing, bluish-green stream—its color and steep banks much resembling Niagara river near Suspension Bridge.

After a breakfast of coffee, bread and honey (the regular breakfast in Switzerland), we start to the toot of a Swiss horn per train for Lucerne. A few hours in Zurich, where Zuingli, the great Reformer, preached. From the High Promenade may be seen a good view of the Lake of Zug ; the beautiful cemetery ; the colored crockery-tiled church roofs, like oil-cloth patterns ; and the water-driven silk and cotton factories

which make Zurich the manufacturing centre of Switzerland. In the afternoon, after a pleasant run through orchards, meadows, and vine-covered slopes, we reach Lucerne. The town of Lucerne is a pretty place, prettily situated; Lake Lucerne is acknowledged to be the most beautiful lake, all things considered, in Switzerland. From its hotels, Mount Pilatus, the Rigi, and other celebrated mountains stand in full view; and it is a favorite starting-point for the Rigi ascent.

Of the characteristics of Lucerne, and the climb of the Rigi, I shall speak more in detail in my next.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

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SWITZERLAND—THE ASCENT OF THE RIGI—CLIMBING THE ALPS BY RAIL—  
AN ALPINE STORM—SUNRISE FROM THE SUMMIT—LUCERNE  
TO INTERLAKEN—THE FALLS OF GIESSBACH.

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INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND, July 15, 1873.

**L**UCERNE is situated on the lake of the same name, at the west end, or, rather, on the emerald and swift Reuss, which flows out of Lake Lucerne. It is difficult to imagine a more fairly-situated town. The lovely lake; the impetuous river; close at hand, the Rigi and Pilatus; more distantly, a splendid range of Alpine scenery. Those who get a good window from the well-kept Schwan Hotel can feast on scenery such as is to be seen in no other country. The hotels of Switzerland are the best in Europe. This is natural. Switzerland is the most frequented pleasure-ground in summer in the world, and the people devote themselves chiefly to the entertainment of visitors. Among the sights of Lucerne is the celebrated lion hewn in the solid rock after a model by the



Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. The dying lion is forty-five feet in length ; its body is transfixed by a broken lance ; its paw shelters the Bourbon lily ; it is a simple yet most impressive work. Lucerne has some quaint bridges. One, which crosses the river obliquely, is roofed over ; the roof is decorated with 154 odd paintings of a religious character. Another bridge, a little farther down, also covered with a roof, contains some extraordinarily grotesque representations of the "Dance of Death." A very pleasant promenade is the Schweizerhof Quay, backed by handsome hotels and avenues of chestnuts ; fronted by the mountain-skirted lake. The water is clear as crystal ; great speckled trout are seen fearlessly swimming about. In Lucerne, as well as in Vienna, the dogs are made useful ; it is a frequent sight to see a man, with a large dog harnessed on each side of him, pulling a baker's or butcher's cart along the street. Lucerne prides itself on possessing one of the finest organs on the Continent. The instrument is in the picturesque St. Michaels Kirche with its two slender towers. A performance is given every evening, from 6:30 to 7:30 ; admission one franc. The evening I went to the church the performance opened with a profusion of grand and sonorous chords from the full organ, diminishing gradually almost to a moan. Fine effects were produced with a familiar hymn ; the tune is first played strong and full ; then repeated more softly ; then again repeated in so gently tremulous a tone that you have to hold your breath to hear ; it seems as if it might be a faint echo from the heavenly choir. The great piece, however, was a pastoral. The opening is spirited ; it is supposed to be the occasion of a peasant's fair ; all is joyous and gay. A storm breaks over the scene ; the wind whistles about the eaves of the houses ; the thunder mutters distantly, followed by a crash so real that you start in your seat ; the reverberations of the thunder roll angrily, when down comes the rain with the force

of a torrent. The storm seems to pass over. Alpine horns are heard, echo answering echo. The *vox humana* stop is brought into play; an excellently imitated soprano solo is followed by the distant effect of peasants singing in the village church. This is the finest organ and most wonderful playing I have yet heard. On Sunday morning several of us listened to a good Presbyterian sermon in the Maria Hilf Church. As this is a Catholic church (adorned with the usual insignia of altars, statues, and pictures), in which mass is celebrated every morning, it argues a pleasant absence of bigotry that an arrangement for regular Protestant service could be thus entered into. Over the altar are the words, in German, "Help, Mary, help!"

Let us now set out for the ascent of the Rigi. About an hour's steaming on Lake Lucerne brings us to Vitznau, the starting-point of the railway to Cloudland. This Rigi Railway is the most extraordinary in the world. It was a bold thing to propose to construct a railway that would climb 4,472 feet up the side of a steep and high mountain. Yet M. Riggenschach, the projector of the undertaking, had the satisfaction about two years and a half ago of seeing it successfully accomplished. To judge of the ascent, take a stick four feet long, and under one end place a block a foot high. It is up a plane of this inclination that the dumpy-looking but very powerful engine propels a car full of passengers. The gauge is like that of ordinary railways. Between the rails runs a third broad and massive rail provided with teeth, on which a cog-wheel under the locomotive works. The train is propelled upwards by simple steam-power; the descent is regulated by an ingenious mode of introducing atmospheric air into the cylinder. The engine-brakes are of great strength; the train could be brought to a stand-still in a moment. Whether in

going up or coming down, the passenger-car (only one car is despatched at a time) is placed in front of the engine. As we move upwards lovely and ever-varying views are obtained. Occasionally we run close enough to the edge of a precipice to look down into a depth which dwarfs great pines into mere shrubs. We go upward through a tunnel 240 feet in length, and by means of an iron bridge of the same length a deep gorge is crossed. The air gradually gets fresher and cooler as we ascend. We see occasionally a slender waterfall that looks like a white ribbon hanging from the rock. We overtake and pass clouds. The summit gained, the first care is to secure a room for the night in the hotel—if possible getting one with a south view. The object in ascending the Rigi is to view the surrounding mountains, but chiefly the sunset and sunrise. And what a view! A vast semi-circular, snow-covered range of jagged hills—of all shapes, heights and tints—a panorama 120 miles in extent. On the other side, in various directions, lie no fewer than a dozen valley lakes. To the northward the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, green and smooth, like slabs of polished lapis lazuli. On the neck of land between the two lakes is seen the pass where the tyrant Gessler was shot by the unerring arrow of William Tell. In the distance are seen the steeples of Zurich; near by Lucerne; here and there various villages and hamlets. In a valley at our feet lies the little town of Arth; and farther on, near Goldau, is the scene of the landslip of 1806, by which four villages and 500 persons were swallowed up. We stand within view of classic ground. Schwyz, yonder, a few miles distant, is the birthplace of Swiss liberty—the spot where the flag of freedom was first unfurled among these mountains and lakes. In one direction we see the Jungfrau crested with snow; in another Mount Pilatus, stern and forbidding; in another the chain of the Bernese Oberland.

I may as well confess at once that the sunset did not turn out well. Clear weather on the mountain-top can no more be commanded than on the plain. I have nothing, however, to regret ; I missed the sunset, but I had the opportunity instead of witnessing an Alpine storm, looking down on its din and fury. The Goldau valley is filled with masses of thick cloud ; at first occasionally, and afterwards incessantly, the bank of gloom is pierced by angry gleams of lightning. The rain falls in torrents.

From peak to peak  
The rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder.

The spectacle of a war of elements away below the beholder is novel and grand. Later in the evening (just in time, as I have said, to spoil the sunset) we had rain and wind at closer quarters ; so there was nothing for it but to turn in and dream of sunrise.

At four o'clock in the morning we are aroused by the sound of an Alpine horn vigorously blown in each corridor. Everybody tries to be first at the summit, only a few yards from the hotel. The air is chill ; overcoats and wrappers of all kinds command a premium. No Persian sun-worshipper ever awaited more expectantly the orb of day than we at this moment. One bright star alone is visible. The lakes in the unsunned valleys lie like pools of ink. The moon beautifies the long range of snowy mountains with a pale radiance. All eyes are now towards the east. The flushing sky begins to indicate the sun's approach ; the under edges of the clouds above begin to golden ; the western sky begins to take on a faint glow. A very beautiful incident, as the face of the sun peers redly over the mountain-bar, is the gradual disappearance of the moon before the advance of the greater luminary. The pale moon-glow gives place to a warm and rosy radiance. The valleys

gradually fill with light. The inky lakes assume their normal color. We have seen a sunrise on the Alps.

The Rev. Mr. Tyler (the missionary to the Zulus) proposed we should foot it down. He assured me it was nothing to walk down-hill ; it was only four miles by railway up, it must be less down. These and other arguments prevailing, off we started by the mule-path. *En route* we passed numerous mountain crosses and shrines ; we met Swiss men and women, wearing wooden shoes, and carrying on their backs, on a sort of frame, loads of butter, milk, or vegetables, that would make men and women unused to climbing faint at first sight. We had frequent offers of mountain berries for a consideration. We obtained many a glimpse of beautiful scenery from changing standpoints. But on the whole it was hard work. Walking down-hill is worse than walking up. There is too much jolt motion about it. Mr. Tyler's interest in the scenery increased as he descended ; he wanted to sit down every few hundred yards. When he found out, about half-way down, that the distance was fully nine miles, he was compelled to relieve his feelings and mine by a few appropriate observations in Zulu. All things come to an end ; in a couple of hours we reached the boat station, and an hour later found us safely back at Lucerne.

Next morning—*en route* for Interlaken *via* the Brunig Pass and Giessbach. The ascent and descent of the pass, by the winding mountain road, occupied about six hours. The scenery is wild and grand in the extreme. In the presence of these vast works of the Almighty, one feels painfully the poverty of language. The Swiss people seem to be a hard-working, well-dispositioned people. They live, many of them, in houses away up on the sides of these hills ; every foot of soil, whether high or low, appears to be carefully cultivated.

It is now about the time of haying ; the scent of new-mown hay is borne on the breeze from the mower's scythe. Many of the houses are of the most primitive construction ; built of wood, steep roofs, pointed gables, covered with coarse wooden tiles, the slats held down by large stones. Not much less primitive are the ideas of the carriage and diligence-drivers who make their daily trips over the Brunig Pass. The latter half of the trace is a bit of slender-looking rope. In winding along the edge of a precipice a half a mile deep it is natural to wonder how much strain such a rope is calculated to endure ; whether it is an old rope, and whether a good leather trace would not be safer. In due time we safely reached the foot of the opposite side of the mountain over which we started ; a short sail on Lake Brienz brings us to the Giessbach landing ; and a climb by a winding path for twenty minutes ensconces us in the Giessbach Hotel. This hotel is delightfully situated in a sheltering, tree-surrounded plateau, about half-way up the height immediately opposite the celebrated Giessbach Falls. The Giessbach Falls (or more properly cascade) throws itself from the summit of the steep mountain, making seven distinct leaps, one of them 180 feet in height, until its foaming waters dash into the lake. The appearance of the cascades, breaking into white spray, then gathering themselves up for a new leap, is charming. The effect is increased by the contrast of the rich green foliage of the mountain. Every evening the falls are illuminated by Bengal lights of red, green, and various colors, each fall a different color. The sight is magnificent.

This morning we came down and took boat for Interlaken, distant only an hour's sail. Interlaken is situated between two lakes—Brienz and Thun—a narrow neck of land dividing and a swift stream connecting the lakes. Its hotels are numer-

ous and splendid ; it is a convenient centre for mountain and lake excursions ; it is always crowded in summer with beauty and fashion—Americans and English predominating. Its wood-carving, for which the Swiss are famous, is unique. Many of the quaint old houses of Interlaken, with the high-pitched roofs and oval windows, are ornamented by long inscriptions from the Psalms. From my window, as I write, I can look out on the Jungfrau—stening with glaciers and snow, and towering upward nearly 14,000 feet—truly a sublime sight. However high the expectations that may have been formed of the scenery of Switzerland, they are not disappointed.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

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THE CAPITAL OF SWITZERLAND—THE BEARS OF BERNE—THE FRIBOURG  
ORGAN—GENEVA, ITS LAKE, WATCHES, AND MUSICAL BOXES—  
J CALVIN AND PERE HYACINTHE.

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GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, July 20, 1873.

BERNE, the capital of Switzerland, is perhaps the most thoroughly Swiss town in the Republic in its characteristics. A quiet, quaint, interesting place, almost exclusively Protestant. It seems like living in a bygone age to saunter along its narrow stone arcades of stores under the houses. It is visited a good deal by travellers *en route* to other parts of Switzerland. This may be known by the occasional notification in a window, "English Spoken Here." An enterprising aspirant for gold *a la Anglais* has immortalized himself by this placard, supposed to be in English, to be seen in the railway waiting-room :

WOOD CARWINGS—CHOICE AS NOWHERE ELSE.



Berne possesses a museum, in which is included a collection of bark and bead-work from Canada. I suppose those who gaze fancy this is what Canada chiefly produces and takes pride in. We paid a visit to the Federal Council Hall. The General Parliament is now in session. The members talk German, French or Italian, according to the section of Switzerland from which they come. They are an intelligent body of men. The spectacle of this little republic in the midst of monarchies armed to the teeth is impressive. Nor have the Swiss any reason to fear the inspection of outsiders. No more intelligent, frank and apparently moral people have I seen anywhere. The education and the restraints of self-government appear in Switzerland to be producing their legitimate effects.

Everybody must have heard of the bears of Berne. The animal named is the heraldic emblem of the town. Everything accordingly has a bruinish bearing. (Mem. : Almost a pun.) Bears in paint ; bears in stone ; bears in wood ; bears on flags ; live bears in a den. This last is an illustration of the manner in which childish customs are clung to by grown-up people. Because former generations did so and so, their children and children's children are expected to follow suit. The City Council of Venice, as was noted in a former letter, feeds an army of pigeons every day, on the strength of some service one of the fan-tailed tribe is said by tradition to have rendered a few centuries ago in carrying important tidings. At Genoa a cage of eagles is maintained in luxury by the Cantonal Government—the eagle being the heraldic emblem of the Canton. So the live bears of Berne enjoy themselves at the public expense. A sanguinary interest attaches to this den. A few years ago a British officer fell in, and after an ineffectual struggle was torn in pieces by the large male bear. Among the many fountains of Berne is one in which a grotesque figure

is seen devouring a child ; out of his girdle and pockets peep other youngsters waiting their turn to be swallowed. Below is a troop of armed bears. Berne is rather proud of its curious clock tower, in which a whole troop of wooden bears march round a seated figure ; a wooden cock crows ; and an old man with a beard turns an hour glass and counts the hour by raising his sceptre and opening his mouth. Those who visit Berne should not lose the evening view of the Bernese Oberland from one of the terraces. The snow-covered Alps cut their outline sharply against the sky. The peaks of the Wetterhorn, Schreckh, Eiger, Monch, Jungfrau and Blumisalp are distinctly visible. The *Nachglugen*, or rosy after-glow, long after sunset illumines the mountains from their bases upward.

Fribourg is chiefly famous for its organ—one of the most celebrated in Europe. It also possesses two remarkable suspension bridges—one of which, 285 feet high, spans a narrow and romantic gorge. The organ includes sixty-seven stops, and 7,000 pipes ; some of the latter thirty-two feet pipes. It is a magnificent instrument. The *vox humana* is the finest imitation of the voice I have yet heard. A person whose musical tastes had evidently not been cultivated to an injurious excess said he didn't think it was much of an organ after all ; for his part he would rather listen any day to that woman singing with the organ than to the organ itself. A finer compliment was never unconsciously paid to any instrument : "that woman" was not a woman at all, but merely the *vox humana* stop in a contralto solo. The hour's performance daily is a treat any lover of music would enjoy. The full organ is very grand, the softer stops round and firm. "God Save the Queen" was one of the pieces played—the variations including the warbling of birds.

After leaving Fribourg, just before Lausanne is reached, on emerging from a long tunnel, a scene of beauty is suddenly dis-

closed. The blue lake of Geneva ; the valley of the Rhone ; the hills of Savoy ; villages ; vineyards. Geneva itself is prettily situated at one extremity of the lake, where the Rhone rushes swiftly out. The town is built on both sides of the water, connected by several bridges. The scene at night when lit up is not unlike the Grand Canal at Venice. Mountain ranges, and the great Mount Blanc itself, stand ever in view. Geneva is a favorite resort of both English and Americans, by whom its large hotels in summer are crowded. In the river, connected by bridges on either side with the main land, is a little garden resort called Rousseau's Island, on which is a statue of the noted writer. Below the island in the river are a number of long sheds, in which may be seen lines of washerwomen busily at work in wrenching out clothes and dipping them into the swift stream. An interesting drive in the environs of Geneva is to the chateau of Baron Rothschild, on the lake. Admission to the ground is by ticket. The walks and drives are superb, as are the views of the lake and Mount Blanc. Geneva is noted over the world for its watches. This is the place to buy a good watch cheap. A particular speciality of Geneva is the manufacture of music-boxes. Some of the smaller and cheaper are made by the peasants in the mountains during the winter ; but music-boxes that amount to anything are made in but one place in the world, and that place is Geneva. I had the opportunity of visiting the largest ware-room and manufactory in the town. It takes thirty-five operations to make a music-box. The particular part is dotting the tunes on the cylinder. The boxes range at all prices from ten dollars to one thousand dollars. They are made in all forms : albums, wine-glasses, purses, ink-stands, Swiss chalets, work-boxes, ottomans, tables. Some of the higher-priced ones include drums, cymbals, and as many as fifty or sixty different airs, with birds that sing and look like live ones.

Geneva is interesting on many accounts. Father Hyacinthe is here settled as a regular preacher of "Old Catholicism." Here the great Alabama arbitration board recently conducted its deliberations. Here, from 1543 till his death in 1584, resided the great theologian, John Calvin, whose preaching and writings exercised so powerful an influence on his own and subsequent times. I visited the house in which Calvin lived, and in the adjoining Cathedral established my orthodoxy, I trust beyond question, by sitting down in the chair he once used.

Next day *en route* to Bale *via* the delightful lake for several hours. Art and literature have combined to fling a rainbow of romance over this blue wave from the spell of which it is not easy to escape. Voltaire and Goethe speak of it in terms of enthusiasm; Rosseau makes it the scene of one of his romances; Alexander Dumas compares it with the Bay of Naples; Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon," employs his fascinating verse to picture its attractions. The scene of the poem is the Castle of Chillon, on an isolated rock in the lake, not far from the shore :

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar,— for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace,  
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard !—may none these marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Among others who have added to the celebrity of Lake Geneva by permanent or temporary residence on its shore are Necker, Minister to Louis XVI.; Madame de Stael, his gifted daughter; Sir Humphrey Davy, and many another equally illustrious. At Lausanne, farther on, may be seen the garden where Gibbon wrote the concluding pages of his history.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

STRASBOURG—ITS CATHEDRAL AND CLOCKS—BADEN-BADEN AND THE  
TRINK-HALLE—DOWN THE RHINE TO COLOGNE—ST. URSULA  
AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS—BRUSSELS  
AND BRUSSELS LACES—HOME AGAIN.

STRASBOURG is an interesting city. A plucky city—as witness its gallant resistance to German prowess during the Franco-German war. A quaint old city, with its high-pointed roofs; with an added effect of picturesqueness from the graceful storks' nests on the high chimneys. The stork is the pet bird of Strasbourg; according to popular belief the stork brings happiness to the roof on which it alights and remains. A drive through the suburban fortifications reveals numerous marks of the recent fierce struggle; many of the finest buildings of the city, including the celebrated Cathedral, display honorable scars. The spire of this church is one of the highest and finest in Europe. The building is chiefly noted in connection with the wonderful clock of which everybody has heard, and which attracts on-lookers from all parts of the world. A youth strikes the quarter hour; a man the half hour; and an old man, as the figure of Time, the full hour. The clock keeps record of ecclesiastical times and seasons, astronomical phenomena, the phases of the moon, and the equation of time. A celestial circle or orrery shows the motions of the heavenly bodies. The striking of twelve o'clock, noon, always attracts a crowd. At noon, a wooden cock, mounted on a pillar, crows thrice; the twelve Apostles march in procession in front of the Saviour. As they pass each bows reverently. The scene ends by the Saviour uplifting his hands and seeming to pronounce the benediction. At Strasbourg may be seen

the house where for many years resided Guttenberg, father of the art of printing ; in one of the squares is his statue, a printing press by his side. While strolling through the streets of Strasbourg, one is struck by the Alsatian peasant women's dress. On the top of the head, in the form of a double bow-knot, is worn a black silk ribbon say eight inches wide and about a yard long. Strasbourg is the capital of the conquered French Province of Alsace. There is no love lost between the conquered and the conquerers.

Baden-Baden, in a valley of the region known as the Black Forest, is a deliciously quiet, cool, pine-scented little town. The Hotel de Hollande is one of the daintiest imaginable. We were amused at a little incident at the expense of our good-natured friend Campbell. Having been bothered a good deal in various places by waiters whose knowledge of English encouraged them to trip along smilingly with precisely the thing you didn't order, Ours was delighted to hit on a foreigner at the Hotel de Hollande who could talk English fluently. "My friend," said Ours, in his blandest and most benignant tones, "my friend, you speak English very well." There was a rather loud smile as the waiter replied, "I ought to speak English, sir ; I'm an Englishman, engaged here for that purpose !" Baden-Baden, so long notorious as a fashionable gambling-place, is still a much-frequented summer resort. The scene on the evening promenade is attractive. The band playing ; rows of bright lights ; well-kept walks ; trees and shrubbery ; fashionably-attired promenaders. The mineral baths are said to be invigorating. Every morning the waters are drunk, between seven and eight o'clock, before breakfast, in a splendid building called the *Trinkhalle*. In the centre is a circular fountain, from which the water, direct from the springs, flows constantly. A glassful, once a day, before



breakfast, is considered the proper draught. The water has a quite warm, brackish taste. The band gives a concert during the drinking of the waters. Those who visit Baden-Baden must be difficult to please if they go away disappointed.

From Mayence enjoyed a day's sail down the Rhine to Cologne. The Rhine is the most picturesque stream in the world. The Hudson is often compared to it by Americans; the Hudson is beautiful and picturesque, but it has not the variety of picturesqueness possessed by the Rhine. The Rhine is a rather soiled stream, though not so yellow by a good deal as the Tiber. Speaking of the stream itself, neither the Rhine, the Danube, nor any other river in Europe, is to be mentioned in the same day with the glorious Canadian St. Lawrence, with its mighty sweep, and its water so clear and pure that the thirsty boatman has but to dip and drink; but unfortunately the shores of the St. Lawrence are nothing but flat stretches. The effect of a picture depends very much on its setting; this is the respect in which the Rhine outvies all rivers. Its romantic windings are among castle-crowned crags, vine-covered slopes, orchards, and waving grain-fields.

Cologne has sent its fragrance throughout the world in the shape of the *eau de cologne* so well known and celebrated. But it strikes the visitor as not a little incongruous that a city which makes a specialty of scent-water should itself be anything but lovely to the sense of smell. The Chicago reporter who reported seventeen distinct smells in that city, with two wards to hear from, should come to Cologne, which has odors agreeable and disagreeable in infinite variety. Cologne boasts of one of the great cathedrals of Europe—a pure Gothic; after St. Peter's, in Rome, the cathedral at Cologne does not need to fear comparison with any other in Europe. The exterior outline is majestic and imposing; the interior grave and chaste;



the stained windows from Munich beautiful. In the Church of St. Ursula, or the Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, are the bones of the virgins ranged around the walls of the church and of what is called the golden room. The legend is that St. Ursula, the daughter of a British king, made a pilgrimage to Rome, accompanied by 11,000 virgins. On their way back to their own country they were massacred at Cologne by the Huns, because they persisted in remaining true to their vows. Among the relics in the golden treasury are St. Ursula's gold ring ; a box of her teeth ; a bone of St. Stephen, the first martyr ; a finger of the first Bishop of Cologne ; two thorns from the crown of Christ ; the arrow St. Ursula was shot with ; St. Ursula's hair net ; St. Ursula's right foot ; one of the vessels used by Christ at the marriage of Cana of Galilee when "the conscious water saw its God and blushed." Opposite Cologne, on the other side of the Rhine, is a pleasant little resort called Deutz ; the two places are connected by the famous bridge of boats.

I like Brussels. It has been called a miniature Paris. It is bright and beautiful. Many English reside here permanently. The *Bois de la Cambre* is a very pleasant promenade indeed on summer afternoons. Brussels is great on laces. A visit to the manufactories, where the women are busily engaged in their delicate but eye-destroying work, is one of the things to "do" in Brussels.

There is no need of alluding in detail to the remainder of the route homeward to Canada. Suffice it to say, the writer arrived at the "Forest City," without scratch or bruise, on the twelfth of August—grateful for Providential protection ; thankful for the opportunity of seeing much that is notable in Europe ; appreciating, the writer trusts, the Old World more, but the New not less.

THE END.

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